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SREE YOGA VĀSISHTHA

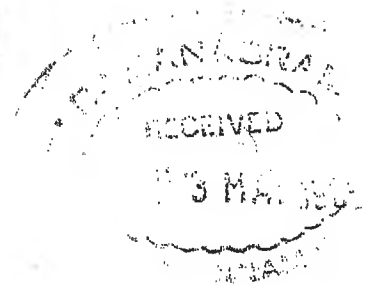
SREE VĀSISHTHA MAHĀ RĀMĀYANA

An English rendering of the Sanskrit work

by SAGE VĀLMEEKI

VOLUME ONE

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By

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INTRODUCTION

SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA PRAISED THE YOGA VASISHTHA as "one of the greatest books and the most wonderful according to me ever written under the Sun, which no body on earth can read without realising God-consciousness". (In Woods of God-realisation Delhi Edition, Volume III. Page 295.) Dr. Bhagavandas said "The Yoga Vasishtha is highly honoured among the Indian Vedantins for its philosophy and its hints on practical mysticism as also for its literary beauty and poetry ... It is the crest-jewel of all the works on the Vedanta." Sri Vidyananda quoted several times Yoga Vasishtha in his great philosophical work 'Panchadasi'. Dr. Dasgupta in his "A History of Indian Philosophy" Volume II devotes a chapter on Yoga Vasishtha. Dr. B. L. Atreya in his "THE YOGA VASISHTHA AND ITS PHILOSOPHY" states that "All the six chapters of Maha Upanishad except the first, all the five chapters but the introductory portion of the Annapurna Upanishad, the whole of the Aksi Upanishad, the second chapter of the Muktika Upanishad, the fourth chapter of the Varaha Upanishad, fifty slokas of the Brihat Samnyasa Upanishad, eighteen slokas of the Sandilya Upanishad, ten slokas of the Yajnavalkya Upanishad, three slokas of the Maitreyi Upanishad, two slokas of the Yoga-kundali Upanishad and one sloka of the Pingala Upanishad are taken verbatim from the Yoga Vasishtha. In his master-work on "The Philosophy of the Yoga Vasishtha", Dr. Atreya states that the first English translation of the book by B. L. Mitra, Calcutta appeared in 1891, but "it is not reliable, being wrong, inexact and misleading." He also states that "Yoga Vasishtha Bhasa teeka" by Thakur Prasad in Hindi (Jnanasagara Press, Bombay 1960) with Original Text and Hindi translation of each sloka was satisfactory. As regards Ananda Bodhendra Saraswati's commentary, he says "He reads the ideas of the later Advaita Vedanta into the philosophy of Yoga Vasishtha. One therefore often misses the real and original meaning of the text by following his commentary."

Swami Jyotirmayananda brought out in two small volumes the gist of the book, an American publication in 1977. But it is not a true translation, nor a reliable one since in many places, he missed the true sense of the original.

Therefore, feeling the great need for a true translation of the great work in simple English, quite conscious of my innumerable limitations, I made a sincere attempt at translating the entire book as truly as possible and this is the first volume of the series of the rest of them. I followed the Original Sanskrit Text published by the Nirnaya Sagar Press, Bombay 1918 in two volumes edited by Vasudeva Lakshmana Sastry Pansikar and the Telugu Script with Telugu Prose translation, published by the Vyasasrama, Erpedu, Chittoor District in Andhra Pradesh.

It is said in the text of Yoga Vasishtha itself that the author of the book is sage Valmeeki, the first of the poets. The famous Valmeeki Ramayana, the first poetical piece after creation is important for its story. It is 'Kathopaya' and this second work of the same poet is 'Mokshopaya', the easy path to salvation. It is in the form of a dialogue between Rama and Vasishtha, the most ideal disciple and the most ideal spiritual teacher.

Instead of the six Kandas of the first Ramayana, this book has six Prakaranas or chapters. They are Vyragya, Mumukshu Vyavahara, Utpatti, Sthiti, Upasama, and Nirvana (in two parts). In chapter two, seventeenth section, the plan of the book is revealed. The first chapter has thirty three sections and 1500 slokas; the second, 20 sections and 1000 slokas; the third, 122 sections and 7000 verses; the fourth, 62 sections and 3000 verses, the fifth, 93 sections and 5000 verses; the last 344 sections and 14,500 slokas. Thus, the total sections in the whole book are 674 and slokas 32,000. But, the available editions have only 27,687 verses. This is a voluminous and Herculean task, which no body dare undertake or accomplish. The book is not a mere story. It is full of didactic instructions, genuine doubts and correct clarification of the varied doubts. It has a number of parables, stories within stories, to drive home the great truths.

Sri Yoga Vasishtha, by its clever reading and correct understanding, gives many auspicious things; it bestows the highest salvation; it exhibits various virtues which lead one to salvation; it establishes the fact that the world is not different from the Brahman; in a word it is the Fountain of Spiritual nectar. It is the Desire-yielding tree. It is called the Science of Salvation, Moksha Sastra. Sage Vasishtha himself said of the work thus : "This is called Samhita, the most sacred Holy Scripture. This is in accordance with the authoritative opinions expressed by the greatest saints, Yogis and is verily the essence of all that is great. The light in darkness shows all objects whether one likes it or not. This book leads one to salvation whether one likes it or not. Reading or hearing the book when read makes one sacred, like the holy bath in the sacred Ganges. It bestows peace of mind to the restless. This is the best book imparting the right knowledge by right training in the highest philosophy."

Having the rare privilege of being born on the sacred soil of India, knowing the highest ideal of fully realising the great Self and having the traditional treasure of such books as these, left behind for us by the kind great grandfathers of the land, it is nothing but criminal ignorance not to be benefited by them. In an easy and fluent style at once forceful, faithful to the original, inspiring and soul-stirring, for the benefit of the learned as well as the laymen it was written. The Yoga Vasishtha is ever fresh, ever ennobling and ever inspiring as it is the book for all times. It is the river of ennobling poetry, with its different sentiments, full of fine stories. It is as it were the broad ladder of very happy steps to the Palace of Salvation. It is the essence of all aspects of philosophy. It is the confluence of the varied streams of philosophical thought. It is the treasure-house of pure golden ideas. It serves as a safe ship that steers clear through the muddy waters of putrified family life and places one on the happy shore of eternal happiness. To the dull and the half dead, this is an awakener, a rejuvenator. This is the best medicine that cures completely the chronic disease of family life pleasure-monging. This is the essence of all holy Scriptures, the panacea for all ills and the ocean of joy. One attains salvation here and now

with the body if one reads this aright and follows it strictly. He gets all his desires fulfilled. A wide range of knowledge, a full ripening of beautiful intellect, the quick surmounting of all ills of life, an ever cheerful disposition and perfect peace of mind are some of the results of a deep study of this great philosophical treatise of Self-knowledge. Human beings richly endowed with discrimination will never get themselves buried in the pits of worldly life and ruin themselves. They think of the right royal road to salvation; they take up this book immortal, become immortal by reading it, following it and practising its injunctions. They drive away from their minds the fleeting pleasures of the mundane world. They will never think of the ephemeral joys of the stone, flesh and blood, tissues and shewns, dirt and the rubbish. They exhort emphatically "take up this book for all times and climes for all men and women of all ages and wages and reap myriad benefits of life here and life hereafter."

The broad out-line of the story of Yoga Vasishtha is this: A certain pious brahmin Suteekshna, an aspirant too eager to know the Truth, the ideal of every human being, goes to the all-effluent sage of spiritual perfection Agasti or Agastya for getting his doubts cleared. Agastya tells him the story of Karunya and Agnivesya. Agnivesya tells Karunya the story of Suruchi a heavenly nymph and Devaduta, the divine messenger. Devaduta tells Suruchi the story of King Arishtanemi and sage Valmiki. Valmiki tells the story of Rama and Vasishtha, whose teachings to Rama form the main subject of Yoga Vasishtha. Valmiki incidentally tells the story of himself and his disciple Bharadwaja, to whom the book is first taught. This incorporation of story within a story is the speciality of the book. It has about fifty five stories of great spiritual significance. The author of Yoga Vasishtha has tremendous powers of narration, inexhaustible fund of similes, great flights of imagination and all varieties of poetic genius, narrative, descriptive, didactic, bringing together the human, super-human, the divine and the saintly world. He emphasises the fact that salvation can be achieved more easily than even plucking the flower from the plant or the sprouts from the tree.

The treatment of subject is systematic, authoritative, convincing and clear. There is no duplicity or complexity anywhere. There is great repetition, of course, to drive home the same point more poignantly and emphatically than already told. It is an outstanding work of unparalleled merit and it guarantees salvation sure and definite, if one follows it in practice.

By God's grace, the other volumes will follow. I owe a deep debt of gratitude to those who encouraged me in my attempt to bring out the volumes simultaneously in English prose, Telugu prose and Telugu poetry. Words fail to express my sense of gratitude to my friend Sri Ch. Sitaramiah B.Com. A. C. A., a great devotee of Lord Sri Rama for the great encouragement given to me intellectually as well as financially expecting nothing in return (even this meagre acknowledgment of thanks). I always deeply cherish his respect, affection and deep sense of appreciation for me, though I do not at all deserve any. May he receive the benign grace of Lord Rama more and more. I am also indebted to Mrs. K. V. S. Swarajya Lakshmi M.A. and Mr. A. Rama Rao M.A. for their deep sense of affection towards me. I thank my friend Sri J. B. Rao, the Gayatri Press, for printing of the work neatly and carefully.

— *Bulusu Venkateswarulu*



INVOCATION

Sloka. *Yatassarvani Bhootani
Pratibhanti Sthitanicha
Yatryvopasamam Yanti
Tasmy Satyatmane Namah.*

Salutations to the Self, the Eternal Truth, by whom all beings shine, in whom they exist and in whom finally they rest forever.

Sloka. *Jnata Jnanam Tatha Jneyam
Drashta Darsana Drisyabhoooh
Karta Hetuh Kriya Yasmat
Tasmy Jnaptiyatmane Namah.*

Salutations to the Self, the Eternal Consciousness, who is the origin of the knower, knowledge and the knowable; the Seer, seeing and the seeable; the doer, cause of doing and the doing.

Sloka. *Sphuranti Seekara Yasmat
Anandasyambarevanau
Sarvesham Jeevanam Tasmy
Brahmanandatmane Namah.*

Salutations to the Supreme Self, the Bliss Absolute, the dew-like particles of whom are the entire joy of Heaven and the Earth and the life of all beings.



SREE YÔGA VĀSISHTHA

OR

SREE VĀSISHTHA MAHĀ RĀMĀYANA

CHAPTER ONE

Vyrāgya (the state of attachment to God and detachment from the worldly pleasures)

1. The connecting link of the story

The story of Suteekshna and Agasti

Once upon a time there lived a brahmin, *Suteekshana*. A doubt arose in his mind. He went to the hermitage of sage *Agasti* and requested him thus :

“Revered Sir, you are the knower of all principles of righteousness and tenets of right knowledge as enunciated and expounded by the holy scriptures. I have a grave doubt which please clarify. Is it action ritualistic or knowledge pure that leads one to the highest salvation ? Or are they both the instruments for attaining beatitude ? If the ways to salvation are not many, if there is only one, what is it?”

The sage replied “Just as a bird soars high up in the sky with both the wings, man attains salvation with the help of both action and knowledge. Neither action alone nor knowledge alone can give salvation. Wise men therefore consider both as instruments that lead one to salvation. To prove this, I will tell you an ancient story.

The Story of Agnivesya and Karunya

There was once a great scholar in all the holy scriptures by name *Agnivesya*, who had a son *Karunya*. Having finished his studies of the holy scriptures and sciences under a revered teacher, to whom he was entrusted, he safely returned home. But his mind was doubtful about the usefulness of performing ritualistic daily duties. Therefore, he put a stop to them. The father finding this, in the best interests of the son himself asked him "Why? my boy, you are not observing the daily rituals, the injunctions of the holy scriptures? How can you then attain salvation? What are your reasons for giving up the religious rites?"

The son replied thus: "Revered father, the holy scriptures command 'Worship the Fire-God for life' 'Perform without fail the worship of the Dawn daily'. They goad one to activity. At once they say in a different place 'Salvation can not be attained by money, action or progeny' 'Great men attained salvation only through renunciation.' As the two views are quite conflicting, unable to decide as to what I should do, I gave up actions". So saying he kept quiet.

The father said to the son thus: "Dear boy, I will tell you a story. Hear it carefully. Think over it calmly. Then do as you please.

The Story of Suruchi and Devaduta

There was *Suruchi*, famous among the heavenly damsels. She sat on the peak of the *Himalayas*, surrounded by beautiful peacocks, the heavenly beings, of both sex engaged in love sports; with the holy *Ganges* flowing gaily destroying even the worst sins at once.

Then she saw in the sky the messenger of *Indra* passing over the place. She said to him "Oh Lucky divine messenger, where are you coming from and where are you going? Will you please tell me every thing?"

He replied "Well asked my dear lady, I will tell you every thing. The saintly king *Arishtanemi* bequeathed his kingdom to his son, with detachment and determination to do penance, knowing his duties full well. He is immersed in penance now on the *Gandhamadana* mount. Having finished my task there, I am returning to *Indra* to report the matter."

Suruchi queried him "Will you please tell me without brushing aside what your task was and how you accomplished it?"

The Story of King Arishtanemi

He replied "I will tell you in detail. Hear me. King *Arishtanemi* was doing rigid penance. *Indra* commanded me: 'Dear messenger, go quickly in my aeroplane, full of herds of heavenly damsels, flourished with many musical instruments, adored by many varieties of heavenly beings like the *Gandharvas*, *Siddhas*, *Yakshas*, *Kinnaras* etc., to the *Gandhamadana* mountain, auspicious for its good variety of trees like the *Tala*, *Venu* etc., bring him here to the city of *Amaravati* so that he will enjoy the heavenly pleasures.'

Accordingly, I went in the aeroplane with all the paraphernalia as described above to the *Gandhamadana* mountain, entered the hermitage of the saintly king, told him of *Indra's* command to me and requested him to get in the plane. With a doubtful mind he asked me "Please tell me, plainly the merits and demerits of Heaven, after hearing you, I will decide to follow you or not."

I told him thus : "The highest accumulation of good will give the highest happiness there. The great good gives the great Heaven. The medium good gives the medium Heaven. The lowest gives the lowest. Intolerance at the enjoyment of the superiors, jealousy at the joy of equals, merriment looked at the inferiors, falling down to the earth after the good is exhausted—these are the merits and demerits of Heaven."

The king then told me "I do not want the heaven of your description. I shall hereafter do very rigorous penance and leave aside the unholy body on earth like the snake leaving aside its white cover. You may safely return in the aeroplane to the abode of *Indra* in the same way as you have come. Thank you."

Valmeeki enlightens Arishtanemi

I safely returned to the abode of *Indra* and conveyed to him the fact. He was very much wonder-struck and commanded me again with sweet and elegant words. "Dear messenger, Please go to him again, take the dispassionate king to the great Sage *Valmeeki* for the benefit of his instruction. Please tell him as my words : 'Great Sage, this is *Arishtanemi*, of detached mind and of great humility. He is devoid of desire for the high heavenly pleasures. Please enlighten him. He is full of sorrow for the miserable worldly life. In due course he will attain salvation.'" I again went to the hermitage of *Arishtanemi* along with whom. I went to the hermitage of Sage *Valmeeki* and reported the message of *Indra* and the good stage of the king. *Valmeeki* with all affection enquired about him, his welfare, his health and other things.

The king said "You are God on earth. You are the knower of all righteousness, You are the first and

the foremost of all the knowers. I am extremely lucky in being enquired after my welfare. What more welfare is there in the world ? Pray enlighten me as to how I, the worldly-bound, can attain salvation without fail."

Valmeeki said "I will tell you the *Ramayana* unabridged and no detail omitted. This is in the form of a conversation between *Vasishtha* and *Rama*. The story is auspicious. It bestows salvation. Please hear. You are by nature a sincere seeker after truth and you know well many things."

The king queried the sage thus : "Who is *Rama*? What kind of man is he ? Is he bound by the chains of wordly life or is he one who cut asunder the chains and got liberated ?"

Valmeeki replied "*Rama* is no other than your own God and protector *Narayana*. On the pretext of the curses, he came to the earth in the guise of a prince, as one robbed off the wealth of knowledge, he appeared as the knower of a little or nothing."

The king asked "You say that *Rama* is *Hari*, *Narayana*. He is the personification of eternal happiness and the form of all life. How was he cursed ? Who cursed him ? Why was he cursed ?"

Valmeeki said "*Sanatkumara*, the most desireless, happened to be in the court of the creator once. Then *Vishnu*, the ruler of the three worlds, came down from his world to the court of the creator. Then all stood up and worshipped him, except *Sanatkumara*. Lord *Vishnu* looked at him and said "*Sanatkumara*, You sat like a rock. Though desireless, you are proud. Be born as *Kumara* to the reeds and live love-lorn." *Sanatkumara* retorted "Forgetting your all-knowing capacity for

some time be born on earth and live like an ignorant man." Thinking that his wife was killed by *Vishnu*, *Bhrigu* cursed him angrily that he would also suffer separation from his wife. For deceiving her *Brinda* cursed *Vishnu* to experience for some time separation from his wife. The wife of *Devadatta* looking unawares at the most fierce lion-man form of *Vishnu* on the bank of the river *Payoshni*, died at once of great dread. *Devadatta* cursed *Vishnu* to suffer separation from his wife for some years. Thus being cursed by *Sanatkumara*, *Bhrigu*, *Brinda* and *Devadatta*, Lord *Vishnu* was born as prince *Rama*. I told the reasons for the curses and I will tell you the rest."

2. Valmeeki's narration

Prostrations to the One, all pervading, Supreme Self, being bright, brightens, living in and out of every thing in the world, in Heaven, in the sky, reigning supreme over me, the worlds and all beings.

"I am bound, I will attain salvation", one who thinks so is qualified to read or hear this. The ignorant and the liberated gain nothing from this. One who reads first my first *Ramayana* in which the story is important and next this my next *Ramayana*, in which the attainment of salvation is important, conquers death and becomes immortal. After having composed my first *Ramayana*, I gave it to *Bharadwaja*, the Intelligent, obedient and humble disciple, just as the God of the vast ocean gives gems to the one who desires them. Hearing with rapt attention, the story-important *Ramayana*, *Bharadwaja* read it before the creator, when he was seated on the lotus, in the forest of the *Sumeru* mountain. Very much pleased with *Bharadwaja's* recitation, he granted him a boon. *Bharadwaja* requested

him to reveal the way by which people would get rid of their sorrows. The creator said "We shall go to Valmeeki. There you request him as you requested me now. He began another *Ramayana*; by reading or hearing which man easily crosses over the vast ocean of sorrows attachment and bondage as easily as one crosses over a sea by means of a bridge. "Then both of them came to my hermitage. I offered *Brahma* the traditional worship due to very great divinities. Then the kind and compassionate desiring the welfare of all beings, the creator said to me "The *Ramayana*, which you have begun, revealing the true nature of *Rama*, please do not give up in the middle, for fear of mental strain. Complete it comfortably as it serves as a ship that makes people cross over the ocean of the sorrows of the world. I came here for this purpose. Please do it in the interests of the entire world". So saying, the great creator disappeared as a wave in the ocean. I forgot myself in the joy of the great God coming to my hermitage. Hence, after his exit, I composed myself and asked *Bharadwaja* to repeat the words of the creator. *Bharadwaja* said "These are the actual words of the God": "The *Ramayana*, which you have begun, revealing the true nature of *Rama*, please do not give up in the middle, for fear of mental strain. Complete it comfortably as it serves as a ship that makes people cross over the ocean of sorrows of the world. I came here for this purpose. Please do it in the interests of the entire world". Great Sage, Please tell me how *Rama*, *Lakshmana*, *Bharata*, and *Satrughna*, the renowned *Seeta*, the very intelligent ministers and others having fallen in the vast ocean of the sorrows of the world, could remain unaffected and serene? By following their example, I along with the people of the world get over the sorrows of the world".

As per the request of *Bharadwaja* and the kind command of the great creator, I said “*Bharadwaja*, I shall tell you how you can get rid of the dirt of illusion by following the example of *Rama*, *Lakshmana*, *Bharata Śatrughna*, *Kowsalya*, *Sumitra*, *Seeta*, *Dasaratha*, the friends of *Rama*, *Vasishtha*, *Vamadeva* and other saints, the eight great ministers *Drushta*, *Jayanta*, *Bhāsa*, *Satyavakta*, *Vijaya*, *Sushena*, *Hanuman* and *Indrajit*. They were all endowed with serene dispassionate diligent minds. They attained salvation here while they were alive. They were all great as they were pleased with what they got. Desireless they worshiped the Fire-God, gave alms to the poor and deserving, they took what others gave as God’s gift, they were happy, contented, ever conscious of the great Divinity. If you follow them you can also get rid of the sorrows of the world. By following their example, even the worst immersed in the ocean of the worldly sorrows, become uplifted, get enlightened, leave aside sorrow, dejection, and worries and finally attain the eternal bliss.

3. Rama’s Pilgrimage

Bharadwaja requested *Valmeeki* to tell him the method by which he can attain the state of salvation while still alive, called *Jivanmukti*, on the lines of which *Rama* attained it so that he can be happy.

Valmeeki said “Humble *Bharadwaja*, the sky has no colour or form but we are under the false impression that the sky is blue. In the same way, the world has no existence of its own. It is falsely believed that it exists. It is the self, *Brahman*, not the world. Never to think that the world really exists, or rather forgetting the illusion that the world exists, is salvation in essence. All that is seen by the eye is non-existent. If this

knowledge is not attained, none can understand the true nature of salvation. So, one must attain self-knowledge. One who is qualified to read or hear this science of salvation, attains it, none else. The illusion that the sky is blue and the illusion that the world really exists vanish with the study of this science of salvation. The true knowledge that all that is seen by the eye has no existence whatsoever drives away from our mind the idea of the seen, the seer and the seeing. Then one attains the glory of salvation and the bliss eternal. Otherwise, one who falls in the cycle of births and deaths nonstop can never attain salvation even if he remains in the abyss of the ignorant sciences for centuries. The complete forgetfulness of all the past remembrances is salvation. The gradual experience of this great forgetfulness can be attained only by the purity of heart. With the disappearance of the snowy season, the snow disappears. In the same way, with the disappearance of the old remembrances the mind gets itself destroyed. The destruction of the mind is the attainment of salvation. The pearl-necklace remains unscattered due to the thread inside. In the same way, the bodies remain due to the past remembrances (*vasanas*). They are of two kinds, the pure and the impure. The latter gives births, while the former stops them. The wise say that the impure quickly grow, due to egoism in the field of ignorance and cause innumerable births and deaths. The pure are conducive to self-knowledge. They do not possess the seeds that cause births. They disappear with the fall of the physical body. The pure *vasanas* in the one who attained salvation while still alive remain only till the body falls like the wheel of the potter. They can not cause future births. Those who are very wise increase their pure *vasanas*, attain knowledge, get rid of the wretched process of rebirths

and they are called the *jivanmuktas*, the attainers of salvation here and now. I will reveal to you how *Rama* attained this state. Hear it, Oh very wise *Bharadwaja*, I will narrate the auspicious story of *Rama*. From this one story you can know every thing.

The lotus-eyed *Rama* having returned from the home of his studies, spent some days without fear in games and sports joyfully. The reign of *Dasaratha* never witnessed the sorrows of people, unhappy incidents in life and any untoward calamities of any kind. The days were thus passing by. One day, *Rama* evinced keen interest to visit the holy places, sacred hermitages and rare rivers. He approached his father and went near his feet just as a swan approaches the lotuses. He said "Father, I am very curious to visit holy places, great temples and sanctified hermitages. This is the first desire in my life. I request you to fulfil it. You never denied any thing to any one." *Dasaratha* consulted his teacher *Vasishtha* and agreed to grant his first desire.

On an auspicious day, when an auspicious star was prevalent, *Rama* and his brothers took the auspicious bath and wore auspicious ornaments and dress. The *Brahmins* chanted benedictory verses or hymns from the *Vedas*. The learned *Brahmins* sent by *Vasishtha*, and some of his close associate princes of *Rama* were ready to follow *Rama*. The mothers embracing the sons again and again, smelling their fair foreheads, decorated and blessed them. Then *Rama* came out of the house ready to start on the pilgrimage. The citizens blew the trumpets. The ladies of the town were pleased to see *Rama*. The village ladies sprinkled the rain of auspicious grains with their delicate moving hands. Then *Rama* appeared as The Himalaya covered with snow.

Taking leave of the *Brahmins*, accepting the blessings of the people and looking at the ten sides or quarters *Rama* proceeded on his pilgrimage.

Beginning from his own *Kosala* kingdom, taking the holy bath, giving alms, fasting, meditating, *Rama* visited the sacred river-beds, forests, hermitages, small woods, sea coasts, plains of mountains, the great rivers the Ganges, the *Yamuna*, *Saraswati*, *Iravati*, *Satadru*, *Chandra Bhaga*, *Veni*, *Krishnaveni*, *Nirvindhya*, *Sarayu*, *Charmanvati*, *Vitasia*, *Bahuda*, and *Vipasa*; the great forests like the *Dharmaranya*, *Naimisharanya*, *Prayaga*, *Varanasi*, *Gaya*, *Kedara*, *Srisaila*, *Pushkara*, *Manasa-sarovara*, *Chakrateertha*, *Uttaramanasa*, *Badabamukha*, *Agniteertha*, *Mahateertha*, *Indradyumnasarovara* and the great confluence of rivers; *Kartikaya*, *Salagramanarayana*, the sixtyfour places of *Hari* and *Hara*, the most wonderful four coasts of the four seas, the shrubs of *Vindhya*, *Mandara*, the lands of the *Kulachalas*, the hermitages of saintly kings great seers, brahmins and the holy men. All good places he visited again and again along with the party that accompanied him. Worshipped by the gods, men and the sky-wanderers, having visited all earth, *Rama* returned home like *Siva* returning to *Kailasa* after earthly visits.

4. Rama's life after return

When *Rama* entered *Ayodhya*, the citizens offered flowers handsome handful, which he accepted and entered the royal palace as *Jayanta*, the son of *Indra* entered the royal palace in heaven. He lay prostrate at the feet of his parents, *Vasishtha*, his elderly kith and kin, the holy Brahmins and the aged ancestors. They embraced him again and again. He felt happy; they felt happy. Hearing *Rama's* sweet and elegant words, all were pleased. The sweet sound thus then produced

spread like the sweet sound of *Venu*, the bamboo musical instrument. The return of *Rama* was celebrated for eight days with enthusiasm and overwhelmingly joyful hubbub. *Rama* while living happy in the house used to give in detail to the hearers the customs and systems of various people of the different parts. Every day he used to get up early, perform the daily routine, the religious rites and used to go to his father in the royal court. The first three hours in the morning, *Rama* used to hear fine stories, peculiar anecdotes, revealing great knowledge, from sage *Vasishtha*. Next with the permission of king *Dasaratha* he used to go to the forest of bold buffalos and fierce pigs for hunting. After returning from the pastime, *Rama* used to take his bath and have his meal with friends and relatives. He used to spend day and night happily. Since his return from the pilgrimage, *Rama* used to stay in his father's house along with his brothers. Pleasing the kings and princes with his fair dealings, he lived.

5. Rama's sorrows

Rama attained the age of fifteen. *Lakshmana* and *Satrughna* always used to follow him. *Bharata* almost always lived in the house of his maternal grandfather, very happily. *Dasaratha* used to rule over the kingdom justly. The very wise king *Dasaratha* used to think of the future of his sons with his learned ministers. *Rama* began to become weak day by day like the pond in the summer. *Rama's* blooming fair face became pale like the white lotus fully blossomed but yet covered by the wasps. Placing his hand on the cheek *Rama* used to sit with a sorrowful face, in the lotus posture, without doing any thing and with reluctance to hear anything. Becoming weak by sorrows and worries, he looked gloomy not talking to any body as one who left every

thing to fate. With faded lotus-like face, he used to perform his daily duties with great reluctance and distaste after repeated prayers from his attendants. Finding the elder brother in this state, *Lakshmana*, and *Satrughna* also were reduced to that state. Looking at the sons, the king and the queens became worried and sorrowful. *Dasaratha* with all affection asked *Rama* many times to tell him the reason for his sorrow, but *Rama* never opened his mouth. Placing *Rama* on his lap *Dasaratha* used to ask the why of his sorrow. "Nothing, I am not sorrowful", he used to say. The king asked *Vasishtha*, the knower of every thing and the expert speaker the reason for *Rama's* sorrow. *Vasishtha* thought in meditation for a minute and said "There is good reason for this, but do not worry. Either anger, sorrow or joy, the great will never get without sufficient reason. Will the five elements become rough and harsh and fierce without either creation or destruction?"

6 Viswamitra's visit

With doubt and sorrow, *Dasaratha* kept quiet for a while after hearing *Vasishtha's* potent words. All the kings in the royal court were sorrowful and were thinking of *Rama's* actions with attention and worry. Meanwhile it is heard that *Viswamitra* came to visit the king of *Ayodhya*. He could not complete his sacrifice, that was begun for the welfare of the world. The demons endowed with cunning, strength, and tactics were disturbing him. Hence, it could not be completed. He wanted to see the king in that connection. What the king heard was correct. *Viswamitra* the lustrous, very rich with the wealth of penance, came to *Ayodhya* with a strong desire to get the demons killed somehow. He came and asked the chief gate-keeper

to go in and inform *Dasaratha* that sage *Kousika*, son of *Gadhi* came to the gate. The gate-keepers, hearing his words all went in with worry and confusion, informed the king of the arrival of the great saint.

The chief gate-keeper *Yashtheeka* went to the king surrounded by the subordinate kings, quickly and said "Oh king, there stands at the gate a very lustrous person, shining like the morning Sun. His clusters of hair are red like flames. He is manly and rich. His flamy red lustre spread and made the ends of flags, the horses and the elephants, the swords and other weapons and the whole place golden-red." Then the king turned towards *Yashteeka*, who said "Saint *Viswamitra* arrived."

The king along with his ministers and subordinate kings stood up from his golden throne, went to the gate *Vasishtha* and *Vāmadeva* following, the kings praising him, saw *Viswamitra* shining with great lustre at the gate. With the great glory of a *Brahmin* and the great lustre of a king, he appeared as the Sun-God coming to the earth on some errand. Old age made his hair white, rigid penance made his body rough, the clusters of hair covered his shoulders, he appeared as the mountain covered with the evening clouds. His body appeared calm and very lustrous, shining unimpeded, dignified, smooth but fierce, wonderful but worried, majestic and munificent, it was full of glow. He held in his hand his life-long friend, the jar of water, pure and powerful. His mind was full of peace. He was kind and compassionate. His words were sweet and cool. His looks were like drops of nectar. With them, he used to please the people. He wore a fine sacred thread which gave new beauty to his already beautiful body. His eyebrows became white but were high. Those who looked at him were fully wonder-struck. Looking the saint at

a distance, the king bent his head and lay prostrate at his feet, the crowned head touching his holy feet. Just as the Sun-God reciprocates *Indra* in saluting, *Viswamitra* also reciprocated the salute of king *Dasaratha*, with sweet words of admiration. Then the great *Brahmins* along with *Vasishtha* spoke words of welcome and praise and worshipped him adequately.

Dasaratha's welcome to Viswamitra

Dasaratha said "As lotuses are graced by the rays of the Sun, we are graced by your holy presence. By your kind visit, we enjoyed unending and undiminished happiness. Your looks of compassion falling upon us made us the luckiest of the lucky, acquiring the strength of righteousness." With these words, along with *Viswamitra*, *Dasaratha* and others entered the assembly hall. At once *Dasaratha* with great fear and regard offered him the traditional *arghya*, *pādyā* etc., with a smiling face. Gladly accepting his devotional offerings, *Viswamitra* spoke good words about *Dasaratha* when he went round thrice with folded hands. *Viswamitra* being pleased enquired about his welfare and the sound financial position of the state treasury. He next went to *Vasishtha* smiling with due respect and enquired after his welfare. They respected each other. All sat with the permission of *Viswamitra* and *Dasaratha* and spoke to each other. All were full of glow. *Viswamitra* took his seat and *Dasaratha* offered him again and again *arghya*, *pādyā*, cows etc., sumptuously. After worshipping him as per traditional and religious injunctions, pleasing him and being pleased, with all humility and with folded hands, *Dasaratha* said "Holy *Viswamitra*, your coming to me is like nectar coming to the mouth of man, heavy rain falling in the drought-hit

areas, the sight coming back to the blind man, a childless man having a son by his dear wife, actually finding before him a very rare object found in dream, obtaining the long cherished desire's end, the sudden coming of the unexpected dear and near ones, finding the lost once-for-all given-up object, attaining the rare power of roaming in the sky, and the happy coming of the dead man to life. I extend a hearty and happy welcome to you. I speak the truth, to be with you is to be with *Lord Brahma*, the great creator in his world. Who will not be happy there? Pray tell me your desire. What shall I do for you? You are verily the highest man virtuous and the most deserving for any gift. You were first a *Rajarshi*, saint-king shining with the glow of penance, now you are a *Brahmarshi*, becoming so by dint of penance. You are the most worshipful to us now. Just as the bad heat of the body vanishes with the happy bath in the cool waters of the holy Ganges, your happy presence cooled down my heart and mind. You are devoid of any desire, fear or anger. You have no attachment, you have no disease of the mind or the body ever. You came to me. How lucky I am. By your kind coming, myself, my home, my body became holy. I am dancing with joy immersing myself in the nectar of the full-moon world. I feel that your coming to me is the coming of the four-faced creator. You showered your grace by coming. I am sanctified and became doubly lucky. The great good that I got from your presence made my life fruitful. The desire of my life is fulfilled. Like the ocean, ebbing with joy overflows the shore, seeing you come over here, worshipping you and saluting you, I became the ocean of joy. Take it from me that the purpose of your coming is accomplished. You are always the object of our worship and adoration. Please don't hesitate to ask for any thing.

What is there that can not be given to you? Pray tell me your desire. I am here to fulfil it. You are our highest God."

The sweet happy words uttered with all humility by *Dasaratha* pleased the knower of the Self and the great hermit *Viswamitra*, who felt very happy.

7. Viswamitra's reply

The wonderful detailed words of the lion among kings thrilled *Viswamitra*, the great lustrous, who spoke thus : "Such words as these befit you, born in the great family of the *Raghus* and bred up, trained by Sage *Vasishtha*. Hear my words, decide for yourself what you should do and stick up to the path of righteousness. Whenever I begin a sacrifice for the establishment of righteousness, fierce demons bent upon disturbing it, gather. They destroy it, which is intended for the gods. Many a time I began the sacrifice. Every time they come, fill the sacrificial ground with blood and meat. All my attempts to continue failed inspite of my best efforts. Disappointed I came to you. I did not like to destroy them taking recourse to anger, which should be fully controlled at the time of sacrifice. Without becoming angry, how can I destroy them? How can I become angry against the principle of the sacrifice? By your help I want to finish the sacrifice successfully and reap its great fruit. I am helpless. I came to seek your help and protection. It is just on your part to protect me. It is an insult to the great not to satisfy the needy. I want your eldest son, blooming with clusters of hair as mighty as *Indra*, as fierce as the tiger to the foes as valiant as he is truthful. He can destroy the enemy. Under the protection of my glow, he will rout the foe. I will bestow upon him many boons and blessings, by

which he will win the renown of the three worlds. Just as the deer can not withstand the ferocity of the lion the demons can not withstand the valour of *Rama*. The lion alone likes to face the fierce elephant and rout it. In the same way *Rama* alone likes to face the dangerous demons and destroy them. The proud and the arrogant the worst sinners, as dangerous as the *kalakoota* poison in wars, the equals of *Yama* in ferocity and ugliness, *Khara*, *Dooshana* and their followers can not withstand the arrows of *Rama*. Can the particles of dust withstand the incessant heavy downpour of rain? Don't be too fond of your son. There is nothing which can not be given to the highly great. I know for certain that the demons will be routed by *Rama*. Take it from me that it shall happen. The wise like me never indulge in doubtful affairs. I know fully well who *Rama*, the lotus-eyed is. Sages like *Vasishtha* also know him. If you want to attain the highest glory, greatest fame and everlasting name give me your son. The duration of my sacrifice will be for ten days, during which the demons, the obstructors of my sacrifice will be routed. Give your consent and command to your ministers and priest *Vasishtha* to send *Rama* along with me. You know the value of time. Don't waste it. Do as I said. That will be good to you. Worry the least about *Rama*. The small help that is rendered at the time of great need will highly count. Even great help that is rendered at the time of no need loses its value." *Viswamitra*, the righteous, speaking thus these words of righteousness observed silence.

Dasaratha hearing these words kept quiet for a while, pondering over the fit reply he must give. The wise whose desire will not be fulfilled are not pleased but by the fit words.

8. Dasaratha's words of despair

After a pause *Dasaratha* spoke these words of despair "The lotus-eyed *Rama* is only fifteen years old. I don't think that he is capable of fighting with the demons. I have a great army. I shall beat out the enemy with it. It is full of valour and tactics in war. I shall lead it with my protection and direction. I can face the enemy as great as *Indra* just as a lion faces the wild elephant. Boy *Rama* does not know the weakness and strength of the enemy. He never witnessed a real battle ground but only the mock battle ground constructed for pleasure in the middle of the harem. He does not know the secrets of archery or sword-fight. He is not an expert in war. He does not know how to face great numbers single-handed. He knows only the pleasure gardens, roaming in the shrubs of them. He visits along with his friends, the sons of kings only the places where the flowers fall. Moreover, unluckily for me, of late, he is becoming weak like the lake of the lotuses full of snow. He is not taking his food, he is not even coming out of the harem even for a stroll. With a depressed mind he sits still. Myself, my wives and the servants are becoming as weak as the cloud in the moony season. How can I send the boy *Rama*, who is adding insult to injury, mentally unsound, to fight with the fierce demons? The happiness the son gives to his father is by far quite superior to the happiness of the first union with the best young lady, to the drinking of the nectar and the gain of kingdom. Bound by the bonds of affection to the son, even the wise, in the three worlds, do cruel acts and the most troublesome deeds undoubtedly. Man can leave aside monies, lives, wife and pleasures but can never leave his son. This is human nature. The demons are vicious and ill-natured.

They are experts in mischief in wars and as such I am unable to think that *Rama* will fight them. I can not live without *Rama* even for a single second. Therefore, if you wish that I should live, don't ask for *Rama*. With a strong desire to have sons, I underwent innumerable hardships for many years and got these four sons. Of the four, *Rama* is very important. Without him the brothers can not live. If you take away *Rama* to fight with the demons, I am sure to die for him. Of the four, *Rama* is the dearest and the nearest to me. He is the eldest, the best, the just is *Rama*. Don't take him away. To kill the demons, please take me along with the four kinds of my army. Please tell me as to who the demons are, their strength, their parents, their number and their details. Please tell me how myself or my sons should attack the enemy, the most mischievous in warfare. The enemies are very strong. We hear of *Ravana*, the king of the demons and a great hero. He is the brother of *Kubera* and the son of *Visravas*. If he is the cause of your trouble, we have no strength to fight with him. Great strength and good fortune fall upon individuals at certain times and disappear all of a sudden. At present due to unfavourable times, we can not stand before *Ravana*. It is the work of time and the command of God. So please be kind towards us. I am the unlucky. You are our highest God. The Gods, the celestial beings, the demons the *Gandharvas*, *Yakshas*, *Patagas* and the *Pannagas* can not fight with him. We need not say that men can not. *Ravana* defeated even *Indra* and other great Gods. I can not fight with him nor my boys. It is Time that makes the strong the weak, and the weak, the strong. Though born in the mighty *Raghu* race, due to old age, I became weak. Even if it is *Lavana*, the demon, son of *Madhu*, I can not send *Rama*. If you take

Rama by force, take it that I am dead at once. Nothing short of death is the alternative to me." Having spoken thus to the sage, *Dasaratha* of the *Raghu* race, and the great soul felt doubtful as to how he could oblige the sage and was unable to decide for himself as worried as one who is drowned in the fierce ocean.

9. Viswamitra's words of anger Vasishtha's advice to Dasaratha

Hearing the words of *Dasaratha* spoken with attachment towards his son, *Viswamitra* spoke with anger thus : "You are going back upon your word. That is like the lion trying to become a deer. This self-betrayal is quite unbecoming of the great *Raghu* race. This is like the moon emitting hot beams. If you can not oblige me and keep up your word, thank you I will go back as I came. Be happy with your kith and kin."

At the great anger of *Viswamitra*, the whole earth trembled; the gods were afraid. Observing *Viswamitra*, the great sage and good friend of the world *Vasishtha* the courageous, the principled and of great wisdom spoke to *Dasaratha* thus : "You are born in the great *Ikshwaku* race; You are another form of righteousness. You are endowed with all good virtues praised by the three worlds. You are rich, courageous, highly principled; you are famous in the three worlds as righteous. As such you should never break your word. Do your duty. Don't be unjust. Do the bidding of the sage, who is the lord of the three worlds. By making and breaking your promise you will lose your righteousness. Therefore send *Rama* along with him. If *Dasaratha* the great of the high *Ikshwaku* race does not keep up the given word, who will? Following the example of kings-like you, people will behave unjustly. To break the great traditional morality is unbecoming

of you. Protected by this great sage, the lion among men, anybody the learned or the non-learned in archery becomes invincible. None dares to look at him just as none dares to approach the nectar protected by the great gods. This sage is the personification of righteousness, the greatest among the great, the wisest of the wise and the best among the penance-minded. He knows different arrows of all kinds. None knows, dares to know better than him. Even if the whole world of all gods, demons, *Nagas*, *Yakshas*, *Gandhrvas*, *asuras* and the saints put together, it is in no way equal to *Viswamitra*. When *Viswamitra* reigned as king, *Krisaswa* presented to him many arrows which were quite invincible. All these weapons were so powerful in the process of destruction as the God of destruction at the time of the great Floods. They were the offspring of *Krisaswa*, as powerful as the sons of the creator. They follow *Viswamitra*, the luminary. *Jaya* and *Suprabha* were the daughters of *Daksha* (and the wives of *Krisaswa*). They had hundred sons. They were the presiding deities of the weapons and arrows. In addition, *Jaya* by the boon of her husband had fifty sons for the destruction of the demons. They can take any shape or roam freely quite capable to do their job. In the same way *Suprabha* had fifty sons again. They were strong, fierce and invincible. They were known as *Sangharshas*. Such is *Viswamitra*, the friend of the world, and its glory. Why do you worry to send *Rama* along with him? If *Viswamitra*, the Almighty is by the side, even the dying man becomes immortal. Therefore, don't worry like a fool."

10. Rama's state of mind and his behaviour

With these words *Dasaratha* was pleased. To send for *Rama* and *Lakshmana*, *Dasaratha* called in the

gate-keeper and said to him thus: "Bring now the strong-armed and the truth-valoured *Rama* along with *Lakshmana*. Make haste, there is a noble cause." The gate-keeper went in thus commanded and returning after sometime said to the king "Sir, The whole night *Rama* sat still with a disturbed mind like the wasp sitting in the lotus. "I shall come in a minute. Go." he said sorrowful. Thinking of something else he does not like to stay with any body." *Dasaratha* then consoled him and asked slowly thus: "How is *Rama*? In what state of mind is he?" The attender on *Rama* replied sorrowfully: "Your son is sorrow-stricken. His body is reduced to half. We are also so reduced that we bear the bodies somehow. From the day of his return from the pilgrimage along with the brahmins *Rama* is so. With prayers and great pressures from us he sometimes does his daily duties and sometimes does not. He is not interested mentally in bath, charity, and worship of the gods. Even if we pray, he would not have his square meal. He does not play and does not take part in the swinging pastime along with the fair sex of the harem. Just as one who is sure of his fall from heaven can not relish the pleasures of it, *Rama* does not relish the ornaments bedecked with gems and rubies. Even at the sight of the fair looks of the playful damsels, fine breezes of fragrance of the fully blossomed flowers in the pleasure garden shrubs, he feels sorrowful, tears rolling down his cheeks. Looking at the beautiful dancing girls of the harem, full of glow and all fascinations, he blames them saying "Who are these givers of great sorrow to me?" At the sight of even the most rare royal luxuries, sweets, beautiful soft things, he feels sorry. Like a madcap, he blames the high class bath, food, cushions, transport facilities and luxury goods. "The riches, the dangers, the palaces and the

desires — what have I to do with all these things? fie upon them!" he says and keeps quiet, feeling that they are all transient, useless. He hates jokes, shuns pleasures, and gives up transactions of all kinds. He prefers silence. The dark-hair, the lotus-eyes and slant-looks of the damsels failed to please him just as the beautiful deer can not please the forest tree. Like an animal sold away to the forest dweller, *Rama* likes to live in places bereft of human beings, shores of rivers and centres of forests. *Rama* with his dispassion for clothing, drink and food resembles a hermit or anchorite. He sits still in lonely places with concentration of mind. He neither smiles, sings nor weeps. In the posture of a lotus, keeping the mind a vacuum, placing his palm on the cheek, *Rama* sits. He has neither desire to become king, passion for any thing, nor feeling for or elation at sorrow or happiness. Where he goes, why he goes, what he searches for, how he behaves and on what his mind is centred we do not know. He is reduced day by day. He becomes pale day by day. His dispassion grows day by day. His state is like that of the tree in the autumn. The state of his brothers, *Lakshmana* and *Satrughna*, who go in his footsteps is the same. They are like his shadows. The mothers and friends often put the question to *Rama* 'Why are you so?' He brushes it aside. He tells his friends 'Don't be attached to the worldly pleasures, which are not real but fleeting and deceptive.' He not only does not indulge in conversation with the fascinating fair ladies of the harem, but also treats them as the bringers of ruin and death. He often sings the verses the meaning of which is 'we are wasting our life in the non-effort for quick salvation.' He sings this in a clear beautiful tone. When his friend tells him 'Be king and rule' he derides him saying 'you talk nonsense' becomes other minded and smiles. He does not speak;

he does not hear others speak. He does not look at the very objects before him. He does not care even for good things. As the existence of the sky-lotus in the sky-lake is an impossibility, the mind as well as its creations do not exist. As *Rama* is sure of this fact, the wonderful things of the world are not at all wonderful to him. Though he is in the middle of young fair ladies, the arrows of Cupid are unable to cause any effect on him, just as the heavy rain can not pierce through the mountain rock. As he knows full well that money is the source of all evil, he gives away in alms all the money he possesses. He always sings the verses, the meaning of which is 'This is danger, this is happiness' these ideas are fictitious. It is an illusion of the imaginary mind. He wonders at the dispassionlessness of the worldly people who cry out and weep 'I am dead. There is none to save me'. When *Rama* the gem of the great *Raghu* race is so, we are also sorrow-stricken. We are unable to decide what we should do with such *Rama* as this and we are at your mercy. When a king or a brahmin comes and teaches him morality or politics, he derides them with contempt, having decided for certain that the world which appears to the outer vision in ever so many ways does not exist at all. Egoism with its outward appearance is also unreal, false — *Rama* remains a philosopher. He does not care for friends or foes, happiness or unhappiness, kingdom, mother, body and other things. He has no desire and no effort for anything, no peace, no worry. He is neither free nor bound. Hence we are worried much. Having nothing to do with money, mothers, kingdom, effort he decides to put an end to himself. Kingdom, pleasures, parents and life itself are wearisome to him as lack of rain causes concern to the rain-bird. Your son is in such a dangerous position.

The tree of his self-sorrow is spreading with innumerable branches. Please do the needful in the matter. *Rama* treats the worldly life full of pleasures and treasures as the most dangerous poison and a great false show. Kindly find out if there is any great man who can turn his mind towards worldly life. Pray find out if there is any one who by his precept drives away the illusion in *Rama's* mind just as the Sun-God dispels darkness by his great light."

11. Viswamitra's words to Rama

Then *Viswamitra* said to them "Oh the great wise, bring *Rama* here quick as the prince of the deer is brought by the deer. This state of mind *Rama* got by good discrimination and great dispassion but not by danger or attachment. That is the dawn of knowledge. Let *Rama* be brought here. I shall drive away his disease just as the gust of wind drives away the cloud on the mountain. If his mind's disease is driven away from him, he will take rest like us in beatitude. He realises that he is it. He shall become the personification of truth, eternal bliss, peace, rest, dispassion, strength, lustre like one who drinks nectar. Then he performs his duties worthy of his caste, stage of life sincerely and constantly. Then his holy nature increases, by it he knows the cause and effect of the world. He remains above the state of happiness and unhappiness. To him then gold, stone and the earthen piece are equal."

Hearing the words of *Viswamitra* then *Dasaratha* gladly sent for *Rama* again. In the meanwhile, *Rama* got up from his seat with a view to meet his father, like the Sun standing up on the eastern mountain. He went to the court of his father which resembled heaven,

his brothers and attendants following. He saw from a distance *Dasaratha* surrounded by the multitude of kings, resembling *Indra*, well served by the gods. On either side of him sat sages *Vasishtha* and *Viswamitra*. On the four sides, sat the great ministers well-versed in all branches of knowledge. Women with fans in hands were serving him. They were like the personification of the different sides.

Viswamitra and other sages, *Dasaratha* and other kings saw *Rama* from a distance coming like *Kumara*, the son of *Parvati* and *Parameswara*. With sacred strength and serene dignity, he was like the great *Himalaya* mountain dispelling heat of all kinds. His form is fascinating, auspicious, equally divided, his mind is full of humility, greatness, and coolness. Full of glow, serene and beautiful was his body. The glow of the beginning of youth and the halo of the old wise men, he possessed. Unperturbed, undesiring but fully satisfied mind he had. He fully understood the purpose of the worldly walk of life. Sacred qualities are quite evident from his face. He is evidently the home of all virtues joined together to acquire the quality of sanctity. Liberal-minded, worthy of worship, dignified he is. A contented conscience, calm coolness and courage of conviction are quite evident in his behaviour.

Shining thus with virtues *Rama* wore white dress and ornaments as white as pure beautiful smile and coming near his father lay prostrate at his feet bending his head, the gem-bedecked-head-dress shining brightly made the head appear as the Meru mountain shaking by an earthquake. *Rama*, the lotus-eyed, first saluted his father, next *Vasishtha* and *Viswamitra*, the worshipped by the worshipped, the brahmins and the rest of

the relatives and the pure-hearted elderly people. He accepted the salutations of his father's subordinate kings with looks, movement of the head and words. Receiving the blessings of the sages *Vasishtha* and *Viswamitra* heartily given, godlike *Rama* went near his father along with his brothers. Then *Dasaratha* fondly embraced his sons, smelt their foreheads and kissed them again and again just as the king-swan does the lotuses. Though the father wanted the sons to sit on his lap, they sat on the carpet spread by the attendants. *Dasaratha* said to *Sri Rama* "Dear son, you are wise in fine discrimination and are the embodiment of a number of great virtues. Why do you behave like a fool losing your brain? By hearing and following the words and directions of the elders, brahmins and teachers you will shine but not by foolishness. No danger dare approach you as long as you resist foolishness." Then sage *Vasishtha* said "*Rama*, you are a great hero as you conquered the invincible enemies the sense-objects and the objects of pleasure. Why then drown yourself in the ocean of ignorance like the ignorant multitudes?" *Viswamitra* said "*Rama*, by the disease of the mind your eyes are moving like the black lotuses. Leave aside the dirty state of mind and tell me the reason for your disillusionment. What is it that gave you this sorrow? You don't deserve this state of mind. You can get rid of it in minutes. There is absolutely no reason for any worry to you, I think. Your desire will be fulfilled if you have any. What is it? Come out. There will then be no worry."

Hearing the sage words of saint *Viswamitra*, *Rama*, thinking that his desire will be fulfilled felt happy as happy as the peacock will be after hearing the sound of thunder of the cloud.

12. Rama's narration of his mental state

Viswamitra thus consoled him and questioned him. *Rama* then spoke words pregnant with great meaning, slowly, steadily and clearly. "Sir, who will brush aside the potent words of men of latent talents and goodness? Hence, though ignorant, I will tell you every thing about the present state of my mind. I was born in the house of my parents, I grew up. I studied to some extent. Next, following rigidly the principles of life, acquiring inner and outer purity, went on pilgrimage and rounded the whole earth, surrounded by the oceans. Now I lost all interest in *samsara*, with discrimination I gave up desire for pleasure and thought so: 'What happiness is there in the world? Men are born to die and die to be born again. All the pleasures, the results of the efforts of beings are ephemeral. They are the source of danger and the cause for sin. There is no mutual relationship between the senses. Like iron rods they are separate. Their mutual relationship is only the figment of imagination. The whole world in the guise of illusion, its creation, its growth, its destruction are mind-creations. As mind itself has no real existence, its creations also have no existence. Therefore our getting disillusioned is really vain. Like the senseless deer running after the mirages for water, we the people of the world are running after vain things which can not give us real happiness. Knowing that every thing is illusion we are fools and we behave as if we are sold away, though in reality not. In this wide world what are the so called pleasures? They are nothing but misfortunes. We are disillusioned and are bound by unending desires. I now realise that like the beasts in the forests we are fallen in the abyss of disillusionment. Who am I? Why did I come here? What have I to do with the

kingdom and the pleasures thereof really? The untrue may be untrue, but what of that? By thinking so, I developed dispassion towards the enjoyment of pleasures, as the traveller develops dispassion for the desert. Why should these bodies and the world of bodies get destroyed and be born again? Why should they exist and grow? Birth and growth, wealth and ruin come and go again and again. We the pleasure-mongers are born again and again. See how we are reduced as the trees are reduced by gusts of wind. The people like the inanimate vainly live with ignorance unable to understand the end and aim of life. Just they move and make noise as the bamboo trees make by the filling of air. How to get rid of this great grief? For this I am living with full of heat like the fire in the hole of a tree, like which I am burning. My heart is covered with big stones, the sorrows of family or worldly life. In spite of it, I am not weeping for fear that my parents get disheartened. The discrimination in my heart alone is able to understand me and my sorrow but others are unable to do so. Getting weaker day by day by my vain grief, my facial expressions have become dull. Like the unfortunate man who became poor, I have become disillusioned thinking of the sorrows of life and the sheer transitoriness of the pleasures and their very destructive nature. The wealth bent upon fleeing from me makes matters worse by creating disillusionment to my mind, driving away my virtues from me and throwing me in unending grief. To the poorest man, home is dangerous. In the same way, my home where monies are heaped with worries and anxieties, is not giving me any happiness. Just as the forest elephant, widely bound by chains, strong and sturdy can not be happy, I am not happy and my mind is not at ease as I think of the varied worries and sorrows of worldly

life and the sheer transitoriness of possessions and their causes and effects. During the night of ignorance, in the thick snowy lands of disillusionment, when the light of knowledge is dimmed or covered, the sinful and innumerable sense-thieves, trying to steal away the gem of great discrimination roam always. Who else is competent to rout them but the man of great knowledge?

13. Rama's denunciation of the Goddess of wealth

Foolish people fondly believe that the goddess of wealth gives happiness and that she is great. But really, she is the cause of illusion and dangers. Like the river in the rainy season fiercely flowing with the engulfing waves rising high, the mind-river with varied desires and enjoyments confused and confounded spreads her sway over many foolish people. Just as the lake has many waves rising from it, the goddess of wealth has many daughters, the ever growing ill-natured and evil-minded. They are always fickle. This goddess of wealth will not keep her foot at one place even for a second. Like the cat, the foot of which is burnt by fire she runs from one place to another. The touch of the burning lamp burns the hand and causes uncleanness to the hand. In the same way, the touch of the goddess of wealth burns the body when it is spent and causes destruction ultimately. The nature of the goddess of wealth is as stupid as the nature of a king. She favours those who come near her without discrimination. Just as milk gives strength to the serpent, injury to others and falsehood give her strength and sustenance. The happy coolness of snow-drops disappears with the hot wind. In the same way, the touch of the goddess of wealth destroys the good and peaceful nature of man. Just as the dirty hand spoils the beauty and lustre of the diamond, the touch of the unclean hand of the

goddess of wealth spoils the wise, the heroic, the ever grateful, the soft-hearted and the virtuous. The accumulation of wealth causes not only unhappiness but great woe. To protect it is to protect a poisonous creeper. The wealthy man who does not possess the hatred and blame of the people, the hero who does not praise to the skies himself, and the king who is not partial towards his sycophants — these three are rare in the world indeed. The wealth or the goddess of wealth is the anthill of the serpents called dangers, and is the Vindhya mountain to the elephants of attractions. The wealth or the goddess of wealth is the night for the lotuses of good deeds, the moonshine to the lilies of sorrows, the blowing wind to the steady lamps and the lake to the waves of worries and anxieties, chaos and confusion. The wealth or the goddess of wealth is the sky to the clouds of fears and disillusionments, the grower of the creeper of sorrows poisonous, the birth place of disappointments and the dreadful serpent of sorrows. This wealth or the goddess of wealth is the downpour of heavy snow to the creeper of dispassion, the darkest night to the owls of sex-desires etc., the planet *Rahu* to the moon of discrimination and the moon to the lotuses of good deeds. The wealth or the goddess of wealth is the rainbow, apparently colourful and beautiful, very fickle like the lightning and the utter destroyer of the fools who blindly worship. The wealth or the goddess of wealth is the forest-mongoose in fickleness, never staying with the good and virtuous and the greatest deceiver like the mirage. Like the waves coming and subsiding, again coming and going is her nature, never remaining at one place. Like the wavering flame of light, she is fickle. It is impossible to find out her ways and stays. Like the fierce she-lion, she fights with and destroys the elephants of virtues,

though cool like the edge of a sword, she is dangerously sharp and is always the friend of the ill-natured. She is the heap of sins like deceit of others etc. She is always surrounded by cares and anxieties and sorrows. She gives sorrows always and never even an iota of happiness. When she embraces one, she will be driven away by her co-wife poverty but shamelessly and senselessly she will embrace him again. She is the result of heinous crimes and evil adventures. She is fickle. Like the creeper of flowers coming out from a spoiled well full of snakes she appears attractive, steals the minds and finally destroys them.

14. Life is ephemeral

Life is as momentary as the drop of water at the end of a new leaf of a plant. Like the madcap suddenly leaving a place and going away, it leaves the body all of a sudden. People whose minds are bitten by the poisonous snakes of senses and sense-desires and the people who are quite indiscriminate find longevity-hang heavy upon them, and cause the greatest sorrow. Those whose heads are cooled down by knowledge and those who are beyond profit and loss find life and longevity enjoyable. Foolishly we believe that the body with all the limitations and drawbacks is the soul. Hence, we do not find any happiness in the sudden flashes of lightning of the clouds of worldly life. The gathering of the wind, the cutting of the sky into pieces and the preparing of garlands of waves may be possible, but it is impossible to believe life. Like the cloud in the moony season, *Sarat*, like the lamp without oil, life is useless. It is as momentary as waves. Instead of considering it as prevalent, it is always better to consider it as non-existent, or as already gone. We may believe the wave, the reflected moon in the lightning and the sky-lotus

taking into the hand but we can never believe in the prevalence of life. The physically diseased and the mentally diseased foolish people try to prolong their life, which is to them as dangerous as the desire of the *Aswatari*, animal born to a horse and a donkey, for pregnancy (the child will come out after months tearing off the stomach of the beast thus killing its mother). The creeper-like body which is capable of roaming in the world is like the foam in the vast ocean of the great creation. I am not fond of such a transient thing. That is real life by which the highest end in life, salvation is achieved, the great sorrow of worldly life, life after death and death after life is got rid of and which is the place for the highest bliss of attaining salvation while still alive. Trees live, shrubs live, beasts live, birds live, not only we, but their life is no life at all. It is real life, the life of one, whose mind is destroyed by deep meditation on the soul, the reduction of *vasanas* and the glory of discrimination. The life of those who conquer death is real life. Others who possess the most impure idea that the wretched body is the soul are like old vain oxen and a burden to themselves and others. For the unwise and the indiscriminate, the knowledge of the *sastras* is a great burden and cause of danger and troubles. To men of endless desires, even knowledge is a burden. To the restless the mind is a burden. To the ignorant of the soul, the body itself is a burden. To the bearer of burdens, all burdens are sorrowful and troublesome. In the same way, to the fools beauty, longevity, mind, brain, effort etc., are all the causes of sorrow and trouble. Longevity is the cause for restlessness, discontent and dangers and the dwelling place for them. It is the nest for all birds called diseases. Just as the rats dig the holes every day not minding the trouble thereof, time is every day cutting off longevity. Just as the snakes in

the forest eat away the air, the diseases in the body eat away longevity. Just as the tree-worms eat away the dried up trunk of the tree, the diseases living in the body eat away the longevity. Just as the cat is on the alert to snatch away the rat, death is ready to snatch away our longevity. The old prostitute appearing in gaudy dress and vain colours takes away the money of lovers; just as the strong man digests all hard food, old age reduces our strength and longevity. Just as the good man finds out the bad man and leaves him at once, without showing him any courtesy, the youth also finding the man, who does not make any effort for attaining the highest end of life, leaves him aside. (He quickly becomes old and rotten.) Just as the lover desires beauty for enjoyment, death the friend of destruction, old age and diseases always desires the destruction of our longevity. Longevity is devoid of happiness, permanence, and good qualities. It is always liable for death with evil tendencies and mean behaviour. In the whole world, there is no other vicious thing than longevity.

15. The dangers of egoism

Illusion comes out of egoism. It grows by it. Both are false. I am very much afraid of egoism, *durahamkara*, the worst enemy. It is this *durahamkara* that makes fools, devoid of knowledge, the officers of the treasury, in the kingdom of varied *samsara*, full of attachment and anger. All dangers come out of *ahamkara*, egoism. All the wretched worries come out of egoism. This bad egoism is my disease. Due to the evil influence of this great enemy, I gave up even taking food and water, why talk of paltry pleasures? To catch birds and beasts, the huntsman spreads his nest in the forest. In the same way, the huntsman egoism

in the dark night of *samsara* spreads the nest of illusion in the mind of the *jiva* to catch hold of and destroy virtues. Just as the *khadira* (acacia catechu) trees grow on the mountain, deep long sorrows of innumerable kinds are born from egoism. This egoism is the devourer of the moon of internal peace; it is destructive snowfall to the lotus of virtues; it is the moony *sarat* season to the clouds of equality, kindness to all etc. I shall drive away that from me. I am not *Rama*. I have no desire. I have no mind. With perfect peace, I want to look at the whole world as myself. Whatever I did with egoism — eating, etc. are all wretched and mean. The absence of egoism is the glory of man. Hence, it should be driven away. If there is 'I am', I must experience sorrows. If there is no 'I am', who will experience sorrows? The absence of sorrow is really happiness. The absence of egoism is real happiness. By giving up egoism, attaining peace of mind, I have become free from emotion. All the pleasures are quite momentary. They can not give such a peace as this. As long as the very clouds of egoism spread and rain, so long the desires, passionate shrubs and creepers will be growing and growing. The flowers of them will be going on blossoming. If the cloud of egoism weakens and disappears, the lightning of desire and passion disappears like the extinguished lamp. Just as the clouds with thunders make terrific noise, the mind-elephant in the forests of the ego-Vindhya mountain makes terrific noises. This ego-lion, living in the body-forest, spreads the world full of people enjoying the fruits of their good and bad actions. Innumerable birth-flowers are knit together like a garland through the thread of desire and passion. The ego-lover wears this garland in his neck like the garland of beads. This ego-enemy without taking recourse to spells and charms spreads

the nest of catch in the form of sons, friends, wives etc. The poor man falls into it and gets destroyed. If one cuts off this egoism to the root, all worries and anxieties die of themselves. As soon as the fog of egoism disappears, the drop of snow called passion, that destroys peace of mind disappears. Though I have given up egoism, I am undergoing sorrow due to ignorance. I request you to tell me what is good for me. I have given up egoism with great effort, that egoism which is the source of all dangers, which is condemned by all the virtues of the heart, and which is the root cause of all sorrows. Please therefore tell me what I should do now.

16. Mischievous mind

The stupid mind leaving aside service to the great and virtuous which gives quick salvation, falls a prey to vices and desires and loses its sterility. It is as fickle as the end of the feather of the peacock's tail, which wavers in the air. Just as the street dog goes hither and thither without any purpose, the mind quite disturbed unnecessarily, becoming pessimistic wanders here and there. Sometimes it will not get any thing anywhere and sometimes even though it gets the highest treasure, it will not be satisfied or be full just as the bamboo basket greedy and avarice, the wretched mind can never be happy, just as the deer being away from the flock of deer, falling in the nest of the hunter can never be happy. The mind as fickle as the wave, leaving aside the wretched thoughts for the sense-pleasures will never be firm or happy in the heart even for a second. Like the waters of the ocean of milk churned by the *Mandara* mountain, the wretched mind always confused, perplexed by the impure thoughts for the sense-enjoyment runs hither and thither. My mind is like a vast ocean

with the whirlwinds of schemes and plans and disturbances, distortions and the crocodiles of deceit and crookedness. I am unable to cross over it or control it or conquer it. The mind-deer for desire-green grass not at all thinking of the inevitable fall in the abyss of hell runs to distant places of perils. Just as the vast ocean can not leave aside its wavering nature, my mind filled with cares and anxieties is not able to leave aside the body-consciousness. The mind is fickle by nature, it is made more so by other thoughts and desires. In spite of my best efforts to control it, it wanders and wanders like the lion in the cage, without calmly sitting at one place. Going astray on the chariot of false fascinations the mind separating from me the good quality of universality and oneness with all steals it away, just as the swan separates milk from water and takes it away. The innumerable actions of my fickle mind lying on the bed of vascillations and fascinations are not allowing the mind to wake up and make up the losses and get enlightenment. Hence, I am very sorrowful. Just as the huntsman spreads his net, catches hold of the thread that binds the birds or beasts when fallen in the nest when drawn, hides himself, draws the thread with the fall of birds or beasts and binds them, my mind with the strongest ropes of desire and passion binds me unawares. My mind, surrounded by the smoke of anger, filled with flames of worries and woes, becomes fire and burns me, the dried up grass-particle. The wicked mind, following its better-half desire and passion eats me away as food as I am devoid of knowledge, just as the dog eats away the flesh of the dead body. The great waves of the full river tossing the shore again and again make the tree on the shore fall down. In the same way, the fickle mind tossing me with disappointments and distresses makes me fall down. The great wind takes away the grass-particle to

the skies either to turn it round or throw away somewhere. In the same way, my mind takes me away to the skies either to throw me in heaven or hell, I do not know. Just as the flow of the stream stops with the construction of a wall across it, while I was trying to get rid of the ocean of *samsara*, my mind with its wickedness obstructs me. The wretched mind makes me come and go from and to heaven and hell. I am bound by it just as the bucket is bound by strong ropes over the pulley and goes down and up. Just as a boy is afraid of the false devil, I am bound by the false and fictitious bad mind. It is very difficult to control the mind-devil. It is hotter than fire. It is more difficult to cross over it than to cross over a mountain. It is harder than the *Vajra*, the weapon of *Indra*. Flying high the birds fall on the putrified meat coming down the heights. Leaving aside the studies the boy runs to play if available. Thus, the mind leaves aside meditation and concentration the moment it sees worldly pleasures. Having the whirlwinds of actions, the serpents of desires etc., the inner enemies, the dangerous mind-ocean takes me to distant places. To control the mind is more difficult than the drinking away of the vast ocean, the uprooting of the Meru mountain and the devouring of the flames of fire. The mind is the cause of desire for things. It is the cause of existence for the three worlds. If the mind is destroyed, there is no world. Hence the mind should be controlled at any cost just as the worst disease is to be quickly cured at any cost. Just as great forests grow on great mountains, hundreds and hundreds of sorrows are born from the mind. The mind should be destroyed by discrimination. Then all sorrows will disappear. I want to conquer the mind here and now. The wise men conquer it and get rid of the ignorant actions of desire and be happy becoming the possessors of virtues like

peace, contentment etc. The blackest clouds with the fullest water the moon never likes. In the same way, I do not want the goddess of wealth which pleases the ignorant and the wicked.

17. The dangers of trishna, avidity

It is very difficult to conquer *trishna*, avidity. It is the night of thick darkness covering completely the light of knowledge. During this time, the owls of evil thoughts roam in the sky of the *jiva*. Just as the Sun-shine dries up the wet mud, sad or sorrowful thoughts dry up my virtues and burn me from within. In the futile forest of my mind, which is full of the darkness of ignorance and devoid of discrimination the devil of avidity dances non-stop. The plants of chick pea grow by the snow of sad or sorrowful thoughts, while the pleasure-garden of gold gives it lustre. The waves in the ocean rise up causing confusion and chaos in the ocean only to create the whirlwinds. In the same way, avidity rises causing confusion and chaos in the mind, only to create the illusion of happiness by acquiring money etc. The river of avidity flows, flows and flows covering the whole land of senses. Its waves, the worldly-mindedness with the great noise of falsehood and blame of others attack the mountain of my body and engulf it. Just as the piece of dried-up grass is blown by the wind and thrown somewhere, my mind is blown up by the speed of the wind of avidity and it falls on some undesirable places. Just as the rat eats away the strings of the musical instrument, *veena* (lyre) and makes it useless, avidity is eating away my virtues and making me useless. Like the dried up leaf in the midst of the whirlwind of water, like the piece of dried-up grass in the whirlwind of the gust of wind, like the cloud in the sky during the moony *sarat* season, I am going round

and round falling in the wheel of sore and sorrowful thoughts. Unable to be happy in the highest state of self realization by cool, calm and clear mind, we are falling with disillusionment in the nest of sore and sorrowful thoughts, like the unfortunate birds falling in the nest deceived by avidity. I am burnt by the flames of the fire of avidity. Will the great heat subside even by the cool nectar or ambrosia? I am doubtful. The horse of greed or avidity gallops to a distant place, comes back and goes forward and thus roams in the farthest corners. This avidity is connected with ignorance, constant roaming, confusion of the knots of thoughts and going up to heaven and down to hell like the bucket tied to the rope and connected over the pulley. Like the oxen through the noses of whom a strong rope is passed and held in the hand to control them, who can not go astray, men are bound by the strong ropes of avidity, which controls them. Just as the huntsman spreads the nest to catch birds and beasts, avidity or greed spreads the nest of sons, friends and wives etc., to catch them and bind them. Avidity is like a dark night. It is dreadful even to me, a man of courage. It blinds my eyes. It causes sorrow to me, the personification of bliss originally. Going in a crooked way, having a soft touch, emitting poison from its mouth, the cobra called avidity bites even by mere touch. Avidity like the black devil is the cause of great misfortune. It creates a world of illusion and breaks the hearts of men. The lute that is spoiled, the strings cut can not give us joy or fine sound. In the same way, avidity living in the body full of tissues and sinews, being in a drowsy state can not give us happiness. Avidity born in the cave of the mountain of the heart is like a creeper mean and useless spreading extensively. It is sour and it causes madness and consequently sorrow and illusion.

Avidity like the fully faded garland of flowers is quite useless. It is inauspicious and foul-smelling. Avidity is like an old lady unable to conquer desires runs after men but can not derive joy from them or make them joyful. The world is a stage on which enjoyable dance performances of different sentiments take place. Avidity is an old dancer dancing on it. In the wide wide wilderness of the world, the poisonous creeper spreads far and wide. Old age is its flower, falling danger is its fruit. Avidity like an old dancer goes to distant places of its failure and begins to dance awkwardly without giving or getting any enjoyment. Avidity like the fickle-minded peacock begins to dance looking at the gathering of clouds in the sky, in the enclosure of illusion and goes to distant intricate places of danger. Like the stream in the rainy season avidity with the many waves of ignorance becoming dried up shortly flows only for a short period. Like a fickle-minded bird going from one fruitless tree to another such tree invain, avidity goes from one man to another with no purpose or benefit. Like a fickle-minded monkey, avidity never sits at one place, but leaps from place to place desiring unattainable things, though satisfied for the time being, immediately desires more and more. Like the action of God, avidity begins one thing as good but at once it gives it up and begins another without rest or stop. Like the wasp on the lotus of the heart, avidity in a moment goes to the nether world and in the next goes up to heaven and in the next roams in the shrubs of the sides east, west or the like. Of all the defects of the world, avidity is the worst defect long and tedious. It drags one even from the harem to the most dangerous spots. Just as the snow-covered clouds causing cold cover up the Sun, avidity together with delusion of mind causes ignorance and covers up the Sun of knowledge.

The minds of all the beings living in the world are tied up with the strong rope of avidity. All humanity is bound with it. Avidity has the qualities of the rainbow. It is of different colours like rainbow, it has no rope connecting both the ends, it is long, it is dirty, it is empty and it is created in the empty space. Avidity is the thunder to the crops of virtues, the favourable season to the crops of dangers, the snowfall to the lotuses of knowledge, and the longest night to the darkness of ignorance. Avidity is the dancer on the stage of the world of *samsara*, it is the bird that lives in the nest of the world, the deer roaming in the forest of the mind, and the lute that gives the music of Cupid. It creates waves in the ocean of the day-to-day world of transactions, it binds the elephant of the delusion of mind, it sends roots from the branches down to the earth, of the *vata* or *bunyan* tree of *samsara*. It is the moonshine that blossoms the lilies of sorrows. Avidity is the box bedecked with gems, containing sorrows of old age and death and it is the mad damsel playing with woes and worries and deadly diseases. In the sky of avidity, there will be a flash of knowledge, at once the darkness of ignorance engulfs it, and sometimes it will be covered with the fog of illusion. Just as the demons vanish with the disappearance of thick darkness, with the disappearance of avidity, all the physical worries vanish. As long as one suffers from the deadly disease (cholera) so long man suffers great weakness and falls unconscious. In the same way, as long as avidity does not disappear from one, he will always be ignorant of knowledge, confused in mind and worried with the delusion of mind. The best medicine to the worst, disease avidity is giving up all kinds of worries, woes, cares and anxieties. Then men can be happy getting rid of all sorrows. Avidity or great greed is like the

fish going round in the waters of the lake and biting the weeds, the stones and the pieces of sticks under the delusion that they are meat and finally it dies being caught by the fisherman's rod. Like the rays of the Sun making the lotus blossom above avidity in the form of sorrows by diseases and lust for women makes even the stubborn and the courageous fall down to the depths of degradation and destruction. Avidity like the bamboo plant is weak inside. It possesses the joints, the beliefs that inanimate objects have activity. Worries, sorrows and anger are its thorns. It always desires to possess sense-pleasures, the pearls. How wonderful it is! The wise will cut it off with the sharp-edged sword of discrimination, while the weak and the unwise can never cut it off. The avidity that is in is more keen and sharp-edged and dangerous than the sharp sword-end, the *vajra*, the weapon of *Indra* and the terrific flames of the burning iron rods. Avidity like the flame of the lamp - wick is long with the black end and, it lasts as long as the oil lasts. By touch it burns the hand, brings dangers to the one who possesses it. The man who is as bold as the Meru mountain, the great wise, the great hero, all - avidity makes pieces of straw i.e. they become as light as dry grass by falling a prey to avidity. Avidity is like the great edge of the Vindhya mountain, full of fierce forests which can not be penetrated into, full of dust of clouds of desires and full with the snow of ignorance. Though the same sweetness pervades through all water, it differs in different varieties of water, milk, river, lake or the stream. In the same way, though avidity is the same in the world, it differs from body to body and is called greed, lust, passion etc.

18. The body, its dangers

The body is thought to be the home of happiness and enjoyment. It is erroneous to think so as it is the

bag of dung and urine, intricate mechanism of tissues and sinews, it is liable to weaken, change and get diseased and it is quite mortal. Hence, it is full of sorrows. The body is inanimate, but it becomes animate with the quite wonderful power of the soul. Though it is useless it is useful to cross over the ocean of *samsara*. It is neither animate nor inanimate. What a wonderful thing it is! Is the body animate or inanimate so puzzled is the mind with it, it is fully foolish, full of illusion and delusion; it is not useful for discrimination; it causes great delusion of mind. It is satisfied with food and water though small in quantity. It is feeling sorry for small cold or heat. As such there is no worse, more mean, more vicious and more painful thing than the body. The body is a tree. The hands are its branches. The shoulders are its trunk. The eyes are the holes in which the wasps hide themselves. The head is its fruit. The hands and feet are its sprouts. The ears and the teeth are the birds that pinprick the tree with their beaks. The smiles are its flowers. The diseases are the shrubs around it. The teeth are its filaments. The different activities are the birds living on it. It always possesses the danger of being cut off by the stroke of the axe, death. Its glow is only for a short while. The tree gives shadow of peace for a while under which the traveller, the *jiva* takes rest. It has nothing to do with the *jiva* really. It is neither the friend nor the foe of any body. It is neither to be loved nor hated. This is an instrument used to cross over the ocean of *samsara*. It should never be considered as the soul. Like the cat caught up in the bag of skin, I the soul am caught up in the body full of bones, sinews, meat and the like. Who will deliver me out from it? The grown up hairs of the body are great trees innumerable. In the midst of them with nine holes terrific, in

the wilderness who likes to live forever but the fool? In the forest of *samsara*, on the body of the tree, the mind-monkey is doing havoc. The tree has the buds of worries, bites of the worms of sorrows, the tree is the living place for *kama*, desire, youth is its shadow. Roughness and wickedness are its branches, the stomach or belly is its trunk-hole, the cobra avidity, the crow foolish anger, the birds the senses and organs, the falcon, egoism live on it. Smiles are its flowers, good and bad are its fruits, the shoulders are its stems, the hands are its bunches of flowers, the organs moving by the wind of life are its sprouts, the high, bulky thighs are its trunk, the hair is the grassy stuff grown on the tree, the unlimited complicated desires are its unlimited strong roots, which will sustain the tree. This body-tree can never give me happiness. The body is the living home of the householder, ego. Let it grow, weaken, or fall down - I have nothing to do with it. In the body-home the various organs-cattle are tied up, in an orderly fashion. Avidity, the mistress of the home always loiters in the home. The whole house is decorated with various kinds of desires-colours. I do not like it. It is built with a number of bones tied strongly to the back-bone. It is the mechanism that emits dung and urine. I do not like this wretched house. It is erected by the different sinews spread all over, plastered thickly by blood and meat and whitewashed by the chunam of old age. It never pleases me even a bit. The house is apparently firm by the constant guard and effort of the mind-servant. Falsehood and ignorance are its pillars. Such a home I never like. It is full of cries of the boy, sorrow. It has also the beds of happiness that appear attractive. The servant-maids, wretched acts, always roam in the house. I do not want it. The house is full of the pot filled with the wretched stuff of heinous sense-pleasures.

It is painted with the colours of ignorance. I do not want this wretched house. The thighs-pillars to this body-house stand on the pillars of the joints-base of the feet. If the base is spoiled the whole house tumbles down. I do not want it. The ill-natured housewife, mind is playing in the windows of senses, worry is her daughter, sorrow is another. I do not want it. The hairs of the head are its terrace, the ears are its good bed-rooms. The fingers are the pictures hanging. I do not want this wretched house. The walls are the organs, the hair on them is the sprout of the wretched crops. I do not want this house. It has a big belly-hole. It has the spider-webs, the nails; in it the hunger-dog always barks and makes noises. It has the sound of the life-wind. I do not want this body-house. The winds in the house always come in and go out. The two eyes are its windows. The mouth is the entrance-gate to this house, the tongue-boy-monkey roams dreadfully in it. The appearing teeth and bones are awkward. The body is covered by the skin, the mechanism of joints moves it, the mind-rat always digs holes in it. I do not want this body-house. The lightning of smiling flashes rarely, but always the body-house is covered with utter darkness of ignorance, illusion and delusion of mind. I do not want this wretched house. It is the home of all diseases, the place of twisted skin and grey hairs and is the thick forest of mental worries. I do not want this body-house. The body-forest is full of the terrific sound of the sense-bears, it has nine gate-holes empty and useless, it has dark shrubs of organs to the right and to the left. I do not want this forest. I am unable to come out of it just as a weak elephant can not come out of the great mud, in which it is stuck up. Why riches, why kingdoms, why the body, why the desires, when time or death devours all within a short

time? The body is full of blood and meat, inwardly and outwardly it leads to destruction. Then what beauty is there in it? From its very birth it is carefully looked after, nourished and made strong; but ungratefully it will never follow one at the end, at the time of death. How foolish it is to believe such a body! The body is as fickle as the end of the ear of the elephant, as momentary as the fall of the wavering water-drop, and it is better to leave it before it leaves me. The body-leaf thin and light is moving with the movement of the life-wind. Mean, nasty and transient. I do not love it. The body nourished for over a long time with food and drink becomes as smooth and elegant as the new leaf, but unfortunately without any effort on our part, it becomes weak, pale and finally gets destroyed on its own accord. The body experiencing happiness which leads to sorrow ultimately, shamelessly desires happiness again and again. The mean have no sense of shame. Ruling over others for long, enjoying happiness for long, the body does not become great or immortal, then what is the fun of nourishing it carefully?

Whether it is of the rich man's or the poor man's, the body at the time of old age becomes old and at the time of death, it dies with no discrimination. The body-tortoise in the ocean of *samsara* in avidity-hole without any trial to come out of the ocean sleeps soundly. In the ocean of *samsara* innumerable body-sticks float over. Out of millions and millions some are human. Many are quite useless and aimless. Spreading over a long distance, wicked and whimsical, having the fruit of downfall, decay and destruction, what have we to do with the wretched body-creeper, being men of discrimination? The body frog falling in the muddy ponds of sense-enjoyments becoming old all of a sudden jumps

here and there senselessly and aimlessly. All the actions of the body-useless wind - are aimless and fruitless. It always goes on the dirty, dusty paths. None can know its ways. One may know the ways of the wind, the flame, and the mind but none knows the ways of the body. Fie upon those who drink fully the liquor of delusion and illusion and believe that the body and the world are true and eternal and are bound by them both. Thinking rightly that the body has nothing to do with him and he with the body and that he is never the inanimate body, one who keeps his mind peaceful resting on the eternal is really the great man, a *mahatma*, *purushottama*, the best of men. Showing innumerable honours and dishonours, varied illusions and delusions, the great power of utter ignorance stealing the hearts of the ignorant and the deluded makes one full of defects and finally ruins him. We are all utterly deceived by the devil of egoism, sleeping in the body-hole and creating thirst for lust and the ephemeral pleasures of the flesh. By the deceit of the devil of false knowledge, which is mainly responsible for the belief that the body is real and eternal the despondent good mind gets a downfall losing its power of discrimination. Though the world is not at all real and nothing is real in it, the wretched body is deceiving the multitudes of people. This body-leaf becoming old falls without any effort whatsoever within a short time like the drop of water. Like a bubble in the waters of the ocean, this body liable to die and get itself destroyed in a minute turns vainly round and round in the whirlwind of *samsarasagara*, the sea of worldly life. This body-consciousness is the result of false knowledge. It is like a false town in a night-dream. It exists only for a while. Hence, I have no love lost for it. One who believes in the eternity of the lightning, in the rain of the clouds of the moony (*sarat*)

season, in the truth of the towns of the *Gandharvas* alone believes in the eternity of the body. Cent per cent ephemeral, stubborn in the performance of unsuccessful and useless deeds, full of defects of all kinds this body is a piece of straw to me and this determination gives me eternal joy.

19. The wretchedness of boyhood

To fall in the vast ocean of *samsara*, which has innumerable waves of daily activities of many kinds is only for sorrow. Boyhood is nothing but sorrow. Inability, dangers, desires, talklessness, dullness, playfulness, fondness, discouragement etc., these are the natural qualities of boyhood. Like an elephant tied up to a strong pillar, the boy is much tortured by anger, weeping, fierceness, fickleness and dejection. The woes and worries of boyhood stand in no comparison with the woes and worries of youth, old age, at the time of deadly diseases and even death. The acts of a boy are like the acts of a brute, beast; all show repugnance to them. The boy possesses fickleness and senseless fondness. Boyhood is more woeful than death. Boyhood is the reflection of pure ignorance thick, it is full of useless desires, the mind is always disturbed and sorrowful. Non gets happiness in boyhood. The fears of boyhood; the fear of water, the fear of fire and the fear of wind - such fears even a man in many dangers does not possess. Boys due to ignorance take too much delight in play, wicked deeds, and desires, avidity, and delusion. Boyhood is nothing but ignorance and idiocy. Boyhood is full of disappointments, misdeeds, misbehaviour. All command him, none obeys him. Boyhood is thus full of woe. Like the owls gathering at the darkest spots, all mischief, all errors, all misdeeds, all worries surround boyhood. Knowingly or unknowingly, those who think

that boyhood is fine are vain-minded, foolish-minded and dead-minded. I have all contempt for them. The mind will always be vascillating, the deeds will always be foolish. Such a dirty state of life is not found anywhere in all the three worlds. How can it be happy? For all the beings, human or otherwise, always more than at other times, in boyhood only the mind would be ten times fickle. The mind itself is fickle by nature; boyhood also is highly fickle by nature. When the two kinds of fickleness meet and mingle, the result is greater fickleness. When one falls into it, who can deliver him? The slant looks of fair women; the wavering of the flames of fire, and the rising waves in waters learnt the art of fickleness from boys. The most fickle boyhood and mind, always in all affairs appear as twins. Just as the poor live depending upon a rich man, all woes all defects, and all pains live upon boys. Every day without exception, if new; more new and most new favourite articles are not brought and presented, boys present an appearance of those who appear wicked in mind due to the injection of poison. Sometimes the boy is pleased with a little, but again he becomes sorrowful for a little. Like a dog, he is joyful in the middle of dung and urine. The eyes of the boy are always filled with tears, he always becomes dirty. Foolish in ideas, he emits heat though kept in the downpour of rain. Fear, fondness for food, mood of dejection, desire to possess things seen and unseen, and fickleness - these are the qualities of boyhood, which is full of sorrow. Unable to get things for himself, if he does not get what he wants, the boy weeps, weeps so terribly as if his heart is broken. Being silly immersed in silly things, behaving silly, the boy takes recourse to foul means to get his desires fulfilled. The great sorrow he gets by that is incomparable. By the heat of mid-summer, earth

becomes hot; the boy becomes heated with the mind running after the unfulfilled desires. The boy in school like the elephant tied up to a post, suffers hell by the curtailment of his freedom. Full of desires, with false and vain imaginary things and ideas meaningless, the boy suffers hell. How can the boyhood be happy when the desire is for devouring the world and bringing down the moon from the sky? With desires and incapacity to get them fulfilled and inability to prevent heat and cold, there is no vital difference between a boy and a tree. When the boy is hungry, fear-ridden and desirous, he wants to fly high like a bird. The boy has the fear of being beaten by the teacher, the father, mother and the elderly boys. Boyhood is the home of many fears. With innumerable defects, the mind will be confused in boyhood, which is the dwelling place for the devil of lack of discrimination. Such boyhood will never be happy to any one in the entire world.

20. The dangers of youth

Passing over the wretched stage of boyhood, man enters youth with full of aspirations and endeavours. The result of youth is deluded mind and the consequent downfall. Here man falls a prey to the fascinations of the fickle mind. Becoming dull, he goes from sorrow to sorrow. He will be under the spell of desire-devil (*Kamapisacha*) the root cause of all delusions and dreads and becomes unconscious. Full of desires, fickle, as vascillating as the minds of young ladies, the mind of an young man is uncontrollable. It always shows the objects of pleasures only like the eye-cream of the siddha to the boys. All the defects of bad beginnings and vicious ideas destroy the desire-intoxicated young man. If one is not spoiled in youth, the seed for horrible hell and always the creator of illusions

and delusions, he will never be spoiled in other stages. Full of sentiments, desires and dreams of unending and dreadful pleasures, one who passes over youth with no dangers is called a great hero, or *dheera*, man of great stability of mind. I do not relish youth, which possesses only momentary shining and fickle roaring and which is like an inauspicious lightning. I do not relish youth which appears sweet at the time of enjoyment and later sour, which is blamed always and full of defects, like the dangerous liquor. I do not relish youth which is as false as copulation in dream with a lady. Both are false but appear to be real and deceive immediately. I do not relish youth, which is the first and the foremost of all momentary fascinating things of the world, and which is compared to the town of the *Gandharvas*, which does not exist anywhere, and hence false. I do not relish youth, happy only for a moment and sorrowful later and which causes unending mental agony. I do not relish youth, which is joyful for a second only like the copulation with a prostitute. It later turns out to be mean, shameful and senseless. Just as all the ill-omens and bad fore-bodings appear at the time of destruction of the world, all the actions which cause sorrow and suffering fall upon one at the same time only in youth. At the dead of night of the youth of man, when the thickest darkness of ignorance engulfs the heart, even God who takes a fierce form will be very much afraid of. The fascinations of youth will cause many delusions, make one forget the path of righteousness and auspiciousness and make the mind divorced from virtues. Just as the wild fire destroys the tree, man in youth will be destroyed by the fire of separation from his spouse, which causes unbearable sorrow. Though the mind in youth is generally pure, broad, holy and good, it becomes

putrified like the waters of the rainy season. One may safely cross over a fierce floody river of many terrific waves but can not cross over the fierce river of youth, full of fickleness and avidity. 'The fair fan, the breasts, the fascination, the face——' with love - lorn thoughts of ladies, the young man becomes old in youth itself. The saintly people will always look down upon the young man, who is intoxicated with fickleness and avidity of youth, with contempt and treat him as a piece of dry grass. The youth is the strong binding chain to the elephant of the man of egoism, his various defects are the defects, which the elephant is said to contain in the trunk and the youth itself is the cause of destruction to the beast, Youth is the forest of the trees of vain sorrows, the mind is its trunk; the cobras of defects live in it. Youth is the lotus for the wasps of bad thoughts; the smallest particle of happiness is its honey; its petals are the worst imaginations; the filaments of the lotus being attachments. Fresh youth is the nest for the birds cares and diseases. The birds always roam around the shore of the lake of the mind with wings called good and bad actions done or not done. Fresh youth is a great ocean, the shores of which are sorrows of old age, and the waves are failures and disappointments. The waves are innumerable and inanimate. The wind of youth is capable of raising a storm of dust of vices and destroying virtues. The dust of youth going up by the wind of fickleness and sense-desires is quite capable of destroying the beauty of the face and making it pale and rough. The exuberance of youth possessing the exuberance of the wealth of wickedness increases defects and reduces or cuts off virtues. The moon of fresh youth binds the wasp of the mind and makes it deluded when it tries to steal away the lotus-dust of the lotus of the mind. (The wasp entering the fully blossomed lotus, drinks the

honey, becomes intoxicated and lies unconscious; when the moon rises, the lotus becomes closed and the wasp is imprisoned in it. That is the famous poetic conventional imagination.) The flowers of youth born in the shrub of the body appear; at once, the wasp of the mind becomes deluded. The mind-deer in the desert of the body finding the mirages of youth and fascinations run up to them fondly hoping to drink the fresh water of pleasures being thirsty and lusty and fall down to the depths of destruction in the abyss of vain pleasures. Youth is the moonshine of the night of the body; it is the front hair of the horse of the mind; and a wave of the ocean of life; as such it can never give me any happiness. The moony season of youth remains in the forest of the body only for a short while. Hence, I have no fascination for it nor do I believe it to be of any good to me. The bird of youth flies away from the hand of the body all of a sudden just as the touch-stone slips away from the hand of the unfortunate. The prime of youth becomes bright with the growth of lust and allurements, love and pleasure - mongering. It is only for total destruction. As long as the night of youth does not pass away, the ghosts of attachment and anger, love and lust will not disappear. Just as one who is sure of the death of his son takes pity upon him and will be in complete sympathy with him, one may sympathise with the youth quite ephemeral and full of rotten changes. One who is intoxicated with and immerses in the ephemeral youth, deluded and finds himself quite satisfied, is called a man - beast. One who is engulfed with senseless attachment completely deluded worships youthful pride and glow is sure to come to grief sooner than later. They are the great souls, great men to be worshipped forever and are the truly masculine, who successfully get over the abyss of

youth. One may easily cross over the fierce ocean full of crocodiles, but can never pass over the dangerous and sinful youth, full with the turbulent waves of attachment and all the defects and weaknesses. Like the flower in the sky, it is impossible to find anywhere the prime of youth, full of humility, affection and blessing of the worshipful elderly men, kindness and other great virtues.

21. The dangerous women

The playful dolls of flesh and blood, the mechanised organised skeletons and the arrangement of bones, tissues and sinews are women. Is there anything auspicious or pleasant in them? The eyes, the skin, the flesh, the blood and the tears — examine carefully. If there is any thing worthwhile in women, love them. When there is nothing why do you senselessly fall in love with them oh foolish mind! 'Here is hair, here is blood, nothing else. Woman's body is full of them. The wise man has nothing to do with these heinous things. With fine clothing and fresh toilet, again and again all the organs of the body are made to appear fair. These limbs of the body are torn asunder by dogs and foxes after death for flesh, their daily food. The fine bulky breasts with chains of beads over them shine like the streams of the Ganges flowing on the edges of the Meru mountain feasting the eyes of the onlooker. Such attractive breasts in course of time will become the favourite food of foxes and dogs, in a corner of the burial ground. The limbs of the lady are like the limbs of the forest *karabha* animal full of blood, flesh and bones. Why then is the senseless fascination for them? Unparalleled beauty is attributed falsely to ladies and foolish men fall into the great delusion. I quite understand that this beauty is a complete false delusion

There is no real difference between *madira* (liquor) and *mudita* (lady). Both cause intoxication, immediate joy and instant perversions to the mind. The elephants called men are tied up strongly to the pillars of iron called ladies and though they are always pricked by the pin of *sama* strongly, they are not coming to the senses. Wearing the fine smooth black hair of the head, the eye-decorative ointment to the eyes, ladies are attractive only to the eyes but dangerous to touch. They are the flames of fire of sin and they burn to ashes the dry grass pieces, called men, in no time. To the engulfing flames of hell-fire, fierce and fraught with dangers, women are the fuel strong and sturdy. They appear to be of essence but actually they are of no essence at all. There is no difference between *kamini* and *yamini* (lusty lady and long dark night). The lady's long grown lustrous hair is darkness of the night, their moving eyes are the moving stars in the firmament; their faces are the bright moon; their smiles are the flowers of the night (the night-queen etc.) The ladies make men fall into their fascinations; make them forget the noble deeds, delude them and destroy their longevity and vitality. Like the poisonous creeper, the lusty lady is dangerous. The creeper is attractive with flowers; the lady is attractive with her flowery form. The creeper possesses sprouts. The lady has hands as delicate as the sprouts. The creeper has wasps over its flowers; the lady has wasp-like eyes, which give her great attraction. The creeper has bunches of flowers; the lady has bunch-like breasts. The creeper has the brightness of flowers and the filaments; the lady has the bright white limbs smooth to touch and attractive to see. The creeper when touched and enjoyed or eaten, kills men. The lady also kills men. Both give the unconsciousness of too much of engrossment with them. The bear approaching the serpent-

hills with its great inhaling wind draws out the serpents from their holes and destroys them. In the same way, women by their fascinations attract men and destroy them. The huntsman *kama* spreads the nest of ladies to catch the deluded birds, the men successfully. The mind-maddened elephant proud and arrogant is tied up to the lady-pillar with the strong chain of enjoyment and the elephant lies with no word or action, made dull or insipid. Men are the fish in the pond of the world, roaming in the wet mud of the mind, evil intentions and desires are the strings of the fish-catching rod and woman is the worm tied at the end of the rod. The fish fall for the greed of the worm. The tying house to the horses, the strong chains to the elephant and the tying spell to the snakes are their freedom-killing chains. In the same way, women are the worst shackles to men. The world, the enjoying place very peculiar and with varying sentiments stands permanently by the presence of women. The women are the boxes for all the sinful, defective gems and are the strong shackles of giving various horrible sorrows. Fie upon them! What are the breasts? What are the eyes? What are the thighs? And what are the eyebrows? They are nothing but the essence of wretched flesh. I have nothing to do with them. The most beautiful lady, who is made up of flesh, blood and bones is becoming putrified and shorn or worn out in a short time. The various limbs of the young beautiful ladies, which were the favourite things of enjoyment for the ignorant brainless men are scattered here and there in the burial ground becoming food for the vultures after death. With too much fondness, love and attachment, the lovers wrote on the faces of their lady-loves small sprouts and leaves, intoxicators and signs of love. As the ladies are no more, their faces with the signs of love pale away in the

burial ground. Their beautiful smooth hair now hang on the trees moving like fans; their bones falling on the ground shine like stars fallen on earth, their blood is full of dust; their flesh is fed upon by the vultures; their life-giving breath is gone from them and became one with the sky. This is the fate of all the limbs of all the beautiful women in the world. Then, why senseless, foolish fascination for them? The combination of the five elements in a particular way is called woman. The wise will never get deluded by her. If the thoughts of the mind follow always the lady, they will become thick and poisonous like the creeper called *sutala*, full of stems, full of sour rotten fruits. They will in no time become dangerous and deadly. The love-lorn mind forgetting its goal falls in the abyss of delusion just as the deer falling a prey to the fascination of smell, goes away from the herd and goes astray, with consequent ruin. One who is over fond of the feminine enjoyment falls in the abyss of sorrow, just as the male elephant too much fond of the female elephant falls in the *Vindhya* mountain in the deep ditch dug for catching it. Where there is woman, there there is desire for enjoying her; where there is no woman, there there is no place for the desire. Leaving woman is leaving the world. Leaving the world is leaving the sorrow. Leaving the sorrow is gaining happiness.

Without falling a prey to the apparent pleasures of the flesh, which are as transient as the wings of the wasp and which are very difficult to overcome, fearing very much old age, death, and diseases, I take recourse to perfect peace of mind and attain the highest salvation, with great effort.

22. The dangers of old age

There are two uncompassionate and harsh things in the world. Youth devours boyhood, which does not possess discrimination or wisdom. Old age devours youth forcibly. See their rashness and impoliteness. The snowfall destroys the lotus. The wind destroys the clouds of the moony (*sarat*) season. The river-flow destroys the tree on shore. In the same way, old age destroys the glow of the body. Old age with all its harshness makes all the limbs of the body weak and useless. It also gives the body a bad shape and ugly appearance. It is a drop of poison. The body shorn of old age, the limbs becoming imbecile, the old man is looked down upon by the ladies as a donkey or a big useless beast, with all contempt. Old age quite capable of making man insipid very easily in no time occupies the body of man. At once discrimination runs away from him like the lady driven away by her co-wife.

Looking at the man, who shakes in old age, his servants, his sons, wife, relatives, friends and others with contempt laugh at him as at a mad man. Wicked to look at, old, deplorable, lacking in virtues or heroism, the old man is occupied by avidity; like the old tree is occupied by the falcon. Full of discouragement, defects, the tormentor of the heart, friend of the dangers, desirousness increases in old age. "What should be done by me now? Alas! how can I face the dangers of the next world? I am unable to do any thing to undo it". So thinking the old man fears greatly. "Who am I, an insipid man? What shall I do? How shall I do? Silently, I shall sit." The old man thinks so in great despondency. In old age the mind will be burnt with desire as to how, where, what to eat to please the belly. Despite the

capacity to enjoy, the desire to enjoy grows in old age. This desirousness despite capacity to enjoy burns the heart of the man in old age. The crane of old age, full of woes and worries, living on the tree of the body, cries aloud bitten by the cobra of diseases. Then coming from somewhere, the owl of death falls on it desiring the darkness of unconsciousness. Looking at the evening dawn darkness follows it. In the same way, looking at old age death follows. Looking from a distance as soon as the body-tree puts forth the flowers of old age, the death-monkey at once jumps upon it. The town without people may shine; the tree may shine without a creeper; the country without rain may shine; but never the body devoured by old age. The hungry falcon takes up meat only to devour it; old age with the sound of breath falls on man only to devour him. Just as a girl takes the lily, wears it in the hair of the head for a while draws it out at once and tears it off, old age also falling upon man fully occupies and destroys him. When there is a gust of wind, old trees filled with the blown dust fall down shattered. In the same way, the unkind and hateful old age falls on the body; it shakes it and makes it fall down in no time. The body loses all its glow when old age falls upon it, just as the lotus loses its beauty when covered with deadly snow. On the top of the head, the moonshine of old age dawns and the lilies of diseases at once blossom to the detriment of the body-lake's beauty and glow. The head is a pumpkin gourd. The white dust of old age covers it. The king of time taking it as a ripened fruit begins to eat it. The Ganges of old age, by its quick flow of longevity strenuously trying uproots the tree of the body and throws it aside. The old age - cat trying to catch the youth-rat and eat away the body-meat awaits eagerly the opportunity to do so. Producing fierce

sounds the old age fox roams in the forest of the body. The cry of the fox is the most inauspicious ill omen and there is none worse than it. The fiery flame of old age spreads engulfing the whole body and burns it to ashes overnight. Its defective and diseaseful inhaling and exhaling sounds are the sounds of the burning fire. The sorrows are its smoke. In old age the body of man becomes pale and bent down like the creeper bends down with the burden of the white innumerable flowers. With the camphor-like whiteness or paleness of old age, the white body - camphor tree will be uprooted and shattered to pieces by the death-elephant, in a moment of time. Foreboding the coming of the king of death, the army of mental worries and physical ailments comes first. Old age is the white umbrella of the great king. Those who hide themselves in the caves of mountains are safe from the clutches of their enemies. But, even such people are easily conquered by old age. Covered with the snow-smoke body-home in its centre, has the senses-children unable to move even a little. The lady-dancer called old age dance following the third foot called *danda*, walking stick, and in so doing often slips and falls. The sounding drums are the defective diseaseful process of inhaling and exhaling. Just as the white smooth feathery fans are hung in the dressing room of the king, old age hangs upon the head of the body - house - front, full of senses useful to the king, the king of *samsara*, worldly life. The death-lily soon blossoms in a moment in the lake of the body; that is white due to the dawn of moonshine of old age. The ladies of incapacity, suffering and dangers happily live in the harem of the body, whitewashed with the chunam of old age. All the bodies are sure to fall a prey to old age, which devours them after falling into grips of old age. Then how can I trust the very transient bodies?

In spite of the fact that life is bad and untrustworthy, evenescent, people wish to live further and further, though old age falls upon them. Why so? There is none who is able to conquer old age in the world. There is none who is able to denounce desires even in old age.

23. Time; the devourer of all

With desires and disappointments, with schemes and plots and with innumerable woes and worries, the mean-minded people create ideas of differences and fall headlong in the deep abyss of delusion of *samsara*, worldly life. It is only fools but not the wise who thus deceive themselves falling in the illusion. Like ignorant boys, they like to eat the fruit reflected in the mirror. The unwise worldly-minded, desiring the dangerous pleasures of the flesh are cut down by the sword of time, just as the rat destroys in no time the web woven by the spider. Just as the waters of the ocean fall and get confused in the mouth of the water-fire in the shape of a horse called *Badaba*, all the created things surely fall in the mouth of time and become destroyed. Time is the devourer of all. Nothing can escape falling in its mouth. The Time-God called *Maheswara* is generally very dreadful. Time is born only to destroy every seen object without fail. Spreading to every nook and corner, the Time-God, the world-devourer does not spare even the great, he devours all in no time. Time has no form or shape. He appears in the form of ages, centuries, years remains forever conquering and controlling all. All beautiful things, all auspicious things, all even as great as the Sumeru Mountain must fall a prey to time, just as all the serpents most vicious and strong fall a prey to *Garuda*, the king of birds. There is none who escapes from

falling into the clutches of time. He devours all, all - irrespective of their being unkind, stiff, wicked, fierce, mean, and hard-hearted. Time is always interested in devouring, which is a dear hobby to him. Even if he devours innumerable worlds of great magnitude, his belly will not be full or satisfied. Time is the great dancer on the stage of the world. Taking many shapes, he devours, destroys, creates, grows and again destroys. Just as the parrot breaks the ripened fruit of the pomegranate and destroys the seeds of it; Time breaks the world-pot and destroys the seeds of life in it. In the forest of the infinite multitudes of *jivas*, bodies with life, the Time-turbulent elephant becomes ferocious and destructive, good and bad actions being the jaws of the elephant and innumerable beings being the sprouts of the trees. To the world the root is the creator, the great Gods are the fruits, the world and its creator rest on the soul, the process of creation, growth and destruction is a routine repetition. The Time-God will be going on creating without break the bunches of the flowers of the days with the wasps of nights to the creepers of years, centuries and ages unmindful of the difficulties in the process. The most mischievous Time-God appears to be broken some times but will not at other times. He appears to have been burnt away at times but will never be. He appears to be seen sometimes but will never be seen. Just as the mind creates one thing and destroys it the next moment, the Time-God also creates and destroys the next moment. The Time-God takes men and women who identify themselves with the unreal bodies on difficult and dangerous paths to heaven and hell and brings them back to earth. He continues the process eternally. Being a great glutton, the Time-God tries his best to devour the grass, the dust, the great hills like the *Mahendra* and the

Sumeru and also the vast oceans. All the wretched vices like crookedness, miserliness and fickle-mindedness, unbearable make the Time-God their home. Just as a boy plays in front of the house with balls throwing and taking them back, the Time-God plays with the Sun and the Moon in the sky. The Time-God at the time of the Great Floods destroys all the beings, wears all their bones from head to foot, and dances with joy; none can obstruct or hinder his actions; the wind that blows from him takes to the sky the *Meru* mountain and makes it powder as if it is the dried skin of the *Bhurjara* tree. This Time-God becomes sometimes *Rudra*, sometimes *Indra*, sometimes *Brahma* and sometimes, he will have no form or name. Like the fierce ocean spreading dreadful waves and destroying many things, the Time-God creates very beautiful worlds and destroys them. He makes fall the ripened fruits of the gods and the demons from the trees called *Mahakalpas*, great periods of ages. From the great tree called Time, innumerable nuts called worlds are falling down; innumerable *jivas*, life-containing objects are the mosquitos living on the nuts, making noise, their music. The Time-God along with his lady, auspicious and inauspicious deeds of the beings spends happily with the lily called *satta*, blossomed by the moonshine of *chit*, the soul. The Time-God like a very big mountain lives with the very far-spread body, which has no end or limit anywhere. He creates at one place very black things, at another very bright things and still at another places things having no colour at all. The Time-God like the essence of all the innumerable worlds of beings clubbed together with his self-glory remains forever like the earth bearing the highest burden. Even after many thousands of centuries, the Time-God will never grieve nor care for; he does not come; he does not go;

he does not rise or set. Without any egoism, the Time-God rules himself; while playfully and naturally creating the worlds effortless. The Time-God lives happily in the form of a lake with the mud called night wearing the red roses called days, kissed by the wasps called clouds. The miserly - Time-God with the sweeping broom called night is gathering the particles of gold called the Sun's rays on the *Meru* Mountain. Like the avaricious man raising the wick of the lamp with his little finger searches in the house for the useful things, the Time-God with the bright light of the rays of the Sun searches all the world over with a curiosity to see all existing things. The Sun is the eye of the Time-God; the day is the opening of the eyes. The Time-God opening his eyes is eating away or devouring the rulers of the worlds, the fruits found in the destroyed forest of the world. The Time-God places with great effort the gems (good men) fallen in the wilderness of the world in the big box called death. He makes them the garland of gems, wears it and at once breaks the garland into pieces and gathers them at a corner. The fickle-minded Time-God wears the garland of black lilies called nights, followed by the swans called days and the filaments called the stars. The Time-God beating severely the goat called the world having four horns - the mountains, oceans, heaven and earth - seeing drinks away the drops of its blood called the stars. The Time-God is the moon to the lotus of youth, the lion to the elephant of longevity. There is nothing which he does not devour. He is the thief of all things good and bad. The Time-God always appears as the destroyer. Destruction is his play. At the end of all destruction, He enjoys in self killing all the beings. The Time-God is the creator of the whole world, he is the great enjoyer of the whole world, he is its destroyer, he is the only one expressed by innumerable words.

The Time-God flourishes everywhere as the good as well as the bad places. He wears the auspicious as well as the inauspicious forms many. He is known as well as unknown. Men find him the Omnipotent and Almighty.

24. The Time-Prince Kills All

The Time-God is a great hero. His play is wonderful. He drives away all dangers. He is the prince in the kingdom of *samsara*. I will describe his glorious story. In the empty forest of the world, he goes on hunting the animals called the *jivas* dis-spirited, dejected and deluded. In one corner of the forest of the world, there is one great ocean of destruction. That is the playful lake to this prince. The lake is beautiful. In the lake there is one lotus called *Badabagni*, the fire in the form of a lady-horse that destroys the waters of the ocean. The Time-God at the end of destruction takes his morning meal of the world, which is the mixture of curd and milk intermittently tasting the different pulses, the *jivas* of the world. The Time-God's dear lady is *Chandi*, the great destructive night. She is the most fatal lady to all the beings. Along with the group of destructive lady-followers she roams like a big tiger in the forest of the world, killing the beings. The earth, full of varied sentiments and fragrance of different flowers like the lotus, lily etc. is the drinking cup in the hand of the Time-God. The terrific *Nrisimhavatara*, (Lord *Vishnu* taking the form of half lion and half man) who killed the demons like petty birds, has now become the play-bird in the mesh of his shoulders. *Bhyrava*, the death-dog whose tone is as good as the fine sound of the lute and whose lustre is as fine as the sky in the moony season, has now become another playful *koel* to the Time-God. From the bow of the Time-God the sound of destruction always reverberates. Non-stop

the arrows of sorrows will be falling from it. Unpolite and greatly absorbed in vain fascinations, the Time-Prince playfully going round the forest of the world for hunting hunts down the fickle monkeys, men engrossed in the worldly pleasures of flesh with his sharp arrows.

25. Another Time-God, more dangerous

There is another Time-God, who is the first of the worst lover of fascinations. He creates the worlds (and destroys too). He is called *Dyva*, God or *Kaala*, Time. This Time-God has no other form than action. He moves himself, by himself and is known only by this movement. He has no bodily form or business. Just as the rays of the Sun destroy the fog, this Time-God destroys all beings, light and mean. The whole world that is visible is the stage on which he dances non-stop forever.

There is still another time-God, who is called *Krutanta*, causer of the end, death. He wears the fierce form of *Kaapalika*, wearer of *Kapaalaas*, lifeless heads. He is apparently too fond of every thing and too fond of his wife, *Niyati*, fate. The world is his chest; The *Adishesha*, as white as the moon and the *Ganges* that flows through the three ways (heaven, earth and the nether world) are the sacred threads of this God. The Sun and the Moon are the golden ornaments to his armpits. The *Brahmandakarnika*, the *Meru mountain* is his playful lotus. The endless sky with the dots of stars and the borders of clouds, is his wearing cloth. It is one and in the one ocean of the great Flood, it is being washed. Before this Time-God, his follower in the footsteps and his dear lady *Niyati*, fate or destiny dances endlessly creating pleasures and fascinations though transient to the beings. To look at his dear lady dancing thus, to the stage of the world this time God will

be coming and going. All the worlds of the gods are the ornaments of this lady, whose long loose hair is the place in between the sky and the nether world. The nether worlds are her feet. The hells are the ornaments of her feet. The ornaments are tied to the feet with innumerable sins or bad deeds. They are shining with the flames of the fire of hell. Cries and weeps are the sounds of these ornaments of the feet. *Yama* is her blooming face and *Chitragupta* is the fine dot of *Kasturi* on the face decorated by her friends called good deeds. At the time of the Great Flood or Destruction catching the signs of her husband, she dances fiercely, confused and disturbed. Then the great sounds produced by the breaking mountains are the sounds of her feet at the time of dancing. At the time of the terrible destruction, *Niyati*, the cause of all destruction shows a dreadful appearance dreadful to the whole world as well as to herself. Then the dead peacocks of *Kumara* will be hanging by her sides. Around her neck shine the garlands of lifeless heads, which possess deep holes of three eyes, by entering which the wind produces terrific *bhombhom* sounds. The loosened hair-clusters, the moon hanging over them, of *Lord Siva* and the hair profuse, black and beautiful of *Gowri* with the *mandaara* flower in it are the fans (*vinjamaras*) to her. The fiercely dancing, mountain like *Bhyrava's* belly is her water-pot, *kamandalu*. The body of *Indra*, with thousand eyes, producing fierce sounds is her begging bowl. She wears a staff at the end of which innumerable skulls of bodiless men are pierced, filling the entire sky she vastly spreads. At the time of great destruction, *Niyati* dancing fiercely while the head-skulls of the dead like lotuses red with blood move quickly, shines resplendent. At that time, hearing the terrific sound of the great clouds at the time of *Pralaya*, the Dooms Day, the *Gandharvas* like *Tumbura*

will become so dreadful that they run away with great dread leaving aside even their dear lady-loves. To the Time-God *Krutaanta* staying on the stage of the world shining with the ear-rings as bright and beautiful as the full moon, the sky shining with the stars and the moon-shine is the front gem, the far-spread wings of the beautiful peacock. His two ear-rings are the *Himalaya* Mountain and the golden *Meru* Mountain. They shine bright. The Sun and the Moon are a different kind of ear-rings hanging on the cheeks gaily. The belt around his chest is the *Chakravala* or the *Lokaloka* mountain. The hither and thither going various coloured group of clouds is his upper cloth; it will be by the blow of the wind moving artistically. When the former creations were destroyed, the deaths that came out of them became weapons like the *musala*, *mudgara* and the *soolas*, to catch the animals called *jivas* and are tied up to the rope of the chains of the worldly life and they hang now in the neck of this Time-God as a garland. The ornaments for the shoulders of this Time-God are the seven oceans shining with gems and also the crocodiles called the lives. The good joint-points of his body are the actions as per scriptures as well as tradition. The resultant sorrows and joys of these actions are the hairs of him.

Such Time-God *Krutaanta* stops his dance at the end of destruction and takes rest. Later he creates again the worlds with *Brahma* the creator and others and dances with his paraphernalia old age, death, sorrows etc. Just as the potter or the foolish ignorant boy makes without sorrow different pots or dolls, the Time-God creates without any trouble at all the worlds, the forests, innumerable and varied *jivas*, animate and inanimate, their behaviour and character etc.

26. The inevitability of death

The world is the playground for Time, Fate etc. What interest people of our sort possess in this playground of the ignorant? Wondering and becoming mum, we are behaving peculiarly as if we are sold away to Time, God, Fate etc. and as if we are wild forest-beasts. Having rather ignominious history and always being prepared for causing destruction, the Time-God always throws people in dangers of all kinds. Like the devastating wildfire with fierce flames far spread out destroys every thing, the Time-God with great effort makes the fire of undeserving long longing engulfing the whole world tries to burn it to ashes. *Niyati*, fate the wife of the Time-destroyer with all the fickleness of a lady wantonly disturbs and destroys even the saint, who is engrossed in deep penance. Just as the cobra eats wind, this God is devouring men and women making them fall down with old age, diseases and worries. This cruel God is not considerate even towards the meek and the humble. There is none who is kind towards all beings. The pleasures and treasures of the world which people very foolishly believe to be are all full of sorrows. All the pleasure-spots of the whole world are the places of unending, terrific places of great sorrow. Life is too ephemeral, death is too inscrutable, youth is too fleeting and boyhood is full of ignorance and dullness. All the worlds are putrified with the engrossment of and the enjoyment in sense and sex pleasures. The kith and kin are the binding ropes and strong shackles. The enjoyment of pleasures are the mirages of life. The senses are the enemies; truth has become falsehood; mind is the enemy of the mind; it is the enemy of the soul. Egoism is the black mark to the soul. The actions of the mind are weak; the actions of the body are the givers of evil results; the fascinations

end in the worship of the lady, desires run after the senses; realization has become a rarity; the women have become the banners of defects; the essence in essence has become nil. Good things at a glance appear to be bad things; the objects appear as non-objects, the mind has become full of egoism. Desires destroy the glory of desirelessness; none reaches that glorious state of mind. All desire some thing or other and vainly try for it; the minds of all are confused; the disease of passion is rampant everywhere; dispassionate men are found nowhere, as such. The eyes have become blind due to the predominance of the quality of *rajas*, egoism, pride and arrogance; the quality of *tamas*, dullness, lethargy and inaction predominates. The quality of *sattwa* is quite absent; hence truth and knowledge have gone far far away. Life is transient (living is quite unbelievable); death comes closely falling in love; courage becomes widowed; avidity falls only on the worst things. Dullness contaminated the mind; the body is liable to fall down on earth; old age like fire is burning the body; sinful and evil actions are on the increase. In spite of innumerable efforts to keep up youth, it is fleeting or vanishing; friendship with the wise and the good is conspicuous by its absence. The truth still remains unrealised; there is absolutely no way out. The mind has become quite deluded; joy went far far away; the noble quality, kindness is not dawning; only meanness comes nearer and nearer. Fie! courage has become cowardice; the danger of the bad men's association fell upon me; the embrace of the wicked became easy and the association of the good and the wise has become impossible. The seen things only have birth and death; the desires of the flesh are the causes for bondage. Death every day takes away the living beings somewhere. The four sides are unseen; the countries are becoming foreign

countries; mountains are becoming dust; What will be the fate of people like me? What will be the fate of people like me when the Time-God devours all the worlds; while the Earth has been made widowed? Even great oceans are becoming devoid of water; the stars from the sky are falling down; even the *Siddhas* are being destroyed; What will be the fate of people like me? What will be the fate of people like me when the strongest demons are dying; when the life of *Dhruva*, the permanent is becoming *adhruva*, the transient; and when the immortals have become mortals?

Even *Indra* is not exempt from death. *Yama* himself is commanded. The wind is losing its life. The Moon is becoming non-existent joining the sky. The Sun is being torn and cut into pieces. The Fire is being extinguished. The creator himself is recreated. Even *Vishnu* is being replaced. *Siva* is being burnt to ashes. The Time-God is being destroyed by another Time-God. *Niyati* is being dismissed. The sky is being destroyed. What will be the fate of people like me? The unheard of, the indescribable, the unseen and the invisible Form exhibits the world by itself in itself by its own illusion. Nothing in all the worlds can overcome it. It lives within. In the form of *ahamkara*, it reigns supreme. Just as the big stones fall from the hill by means of the stream the Sun in the chariot drawn by seven horses by the command of that Being takes his course through the unfordable oceans, forests and mountains. Just as all the parts of the fruit are covered by its skin or the shell, all the earth, on which live the gods, the demons etc. stands firm on account of the great power of the Supreme Being, surrounded by the many planets. The gods in heaven, the human beings on earth, the serpents in the nether world are born, they grow up and

get destroyed by that Supreme Being's simple thought only. *Kama*, the God of Desire or lust, getting great power by that Supreme Being reigns over the whole world supreme showing his rare power and influence. Getting power from the Supreme Being, the God of Spring sheds the fragrance of flowers, makes the worldly people love-lorn and spoils their minds completely, just as the elephants by shedding profusely their fragrant liquid make the wasps spell-bound. The power of that God is so great that even wise men fall a prey to love-lust and can not control their minds the moment they see the love-looks of fair ladies. Lucky are they who help others and also those who have a desire to help others, those who feel sorry for the woes of others and finally those, who by dint of their brain realize the eternal truth. It is quite impossible to count or estimate the number of waves found in the ocean of life, rising and falling, falling in the great water-fire (*badaba*) to get destroyed. All the human beings are like the deer, bound by the chains of the creepers, in the forest of life, in the thick shrubs of evil desires and intentions. They get disheartened and quite distressed. Foolish people undergoing innumerable births and deaths, entangling themselves in innumerable evil deeds and sinful actions are wasting their longevity. The fruits of their innumerable evil deeds are the results of their own wishful and vicious thinking. The men of discrimination are far above this state, but very rare are they.

"This is the festival," "this is the best time of the best season," "this is the pilgrimage," "these are my relations", "this is happy", "this is the pleasure rare and great" – so thinking meanly and meaninglessly vain fancies and imaginations created in and by the fickle mind, people waste their time and life.

27. The wretchedness of the world

The ugly world appears to be beautiful and fascinating, but really there is nothing which can be relied upon and which gives peace of mind. The boyhood passes away with false and fictitious playfulness. Then the mind-animal enters the cave-wife becomes weak and insipid. Then old age falls on the body, all troublesome and wearisome. Thus the world of men and women wastes its life and time. When the fog of old age engulfs the lotus of the body, the wasp of life flies away from it. Then the lake of life or *samsara* becomes dry. The creeper of the body with the flowers of old age losing its glow becomes old and pale. The older it grows, the greater will be the love of death for her. The river of avidity by its great speed uproots the tree on the shore called joy and flows engulfing and devouring all things. The boat of the body nicely built by the skin is going down in the ocean of *samsara* shaken by the crocodiles of the five senses, and get confused. Roaming in the forest of avidity the mind-monkey getting up on the tree of desire, jumps from branch to branch, wasting its time without getting any fruit or nut to eat. It is impossible to find men of glory and greatness who do not grieve over calamities, getting deluded; become proud or arrogant over riches and will not be hit in mind by the fair sex and go mad. I do not think that they are the real heres, who cross over the waves of the groups of elephants of the great ocean of war, but only they who cross over the high waves, which confuse the mind, of the ocean of the body and the senses. To the man of action, who is beaten by the wretched avidity, there is no action which is easy and which gives peace of mind, anywhere at any rate, in the world. His avarice makes him always

restless. It is very rare to find great men, who remain unperturbed filling the world with great fame, the sides with valour, the house with riches, the riches with the power of virtues, with courage unhurt. Whether one is living in the cave of the mountain, or the house built with gems every thing comes to him as per his fortune, so also riches and dangers. People consider the sons, the wives, the monies etc. as the givers of happiness, as they are being deluded. But at the end when the monies become poison and cause unconsciousness, all the instruments of happiness fail to help. At the end, being in a very critical moment one becomes sorrowful; when he thinks of his past sinful actions, the old man's mind burns. If people spend their time in acquiring money and in quenching lust which are against *Dharma*, righteousness, how can they get peace of mind, which is as fickle as the end of the peacock's feather? The results of even good deeds are like the waves of the flowing river fickle. Good or bad, the results of our actions should be experienced without fail. Fools call them pleasures or lucky things. The world is of different tastes. 'This is my programme for to-day; this is tomorrow's' so scheming, people do actions, which lead them only to sorrows. Immersing themselves in these silly things, and in the brainless acts of pleasing the wives, friends and relatives, men waste away their very precious time. They become old and their minds become dull, devoid of discrimination. The tree sprouts; they become leaves, they become dry and fall down soon. In the same way, foolish people are born, they grow up and die with no knowledge or discrimination making their lives thus worthless. They with over-crowded engagements go hither and thither, far and near, return home by the day-end and sleep away the whole night. Poor fellows they do not know the glory of serving the

wise and spending their time in holy deeds. The man conquered all his enemies; acquired all the riches, which he wanted to acquire; he had all the happiness before him, but at that time death snatched him away. The wretched pleasures of the flesh or the world appear suddenly, grow up wretchedly and disappear all of a sudden. Foolish people entangled with these are unable to see death lurking behind them. The great knowers of eternal truth look at people, who are bound by the ropes of *karma* and are foolish as the goats tied up to the sacrificial rods and as the mouth of the god of death. Their actions do not bind them and they need not and will not be born again on earth. Millions and millions of people are coming into the world quickly; they are going out of the world quickly every day, always, like the waves in the vast ocean. Where do they come from or where do they go, no body knows. They are all quite ephemeral. Always desirous of devouring the lives of men, stealing away the hearts and souls of men by their various fascinations, the ladies steal away their lives as well. They wear red lips, wasp-like black eyes and hang upon the trees of men as the creepers of poison. The gathering of men and women in the world of illusion in the form of wives relatives and friends of the day-to-day world affairs, is as good as the gathering of people from the various corners on pilgrimage. Both the people of the day-to-day world and the pilgrims have the common task of coming from hither and thither, attending to their business and finally dispersing. Flourishing state, wick (of friendship) and transitoriness - with these, like the extinguishing lamp, the world or *samsara* is filled. What essence in this essenceless world are the foolish people able to find? Like the wheel of loose leaves (or parts) the world or *samsara* is like the bubble of the rain-water

full of transitoriness, but to the mind of the ignorant, it appears to be eternal. The lotus of man, during the moony season of youth shines with the glow and fragrance of virtues, but during the winter of old age it loses all its glow. It is impossible to please the mind then, just as it is impossible to bring back the glow to the lotus. With the grace of God (by natural rain) again and again, growing the tree of man giving shade, flowers and fruits (rendering help of different kinds) to humanity falls to the axe of death all of a sudden. Then how to think of life as not transient? The applause of the multitude of people is happy no doubt, but the multitude is fickle-minded, evil-minded and is poisonous like the dangerous tree, which in a moment causes unconsciousness and death. Even the life of *Brahma* and other great gods is momentary. Their longevity is called *kalpa*, ours *kshana*. This creation of *kalpa* and *kshana* and the differentiation are false. Are there people who do not possess defects? Are there places where there are no sorrows fiery? Are there people who do not perish? Are there deeds which are not illusion? Everywhere the mountains are full of stones; everywhere the earth is full of earth; everywhere the trees are full of wood; everywhere people are full of flesh; everywhere all the ideas are of men. There is nothing which is not wicked. This false world is the playing-ground for the goddess of all things. It appears only to the ignorant. The wise find the world as the wicked form of the five elements. People are becoming wonder-struck enjoying the happiness and unhappiness even of dreams. There is no wonder then that people are immersing themselves in this most illusory world. As the creations of false pleasures increase day by day like the fruits of the creeper in the sky, immersed in the false things of the world, foolish people, though youth

is past will not think of the self or *Atman*. Just as the cattle on the top of the mountain desirous of eating the green creeper's fruits fall down and die, people desirous of enjoying the pleasures of the world which are false ruin themselves by their own avaricious deeds. The trees which are impossible for human beings to reach like the moderns (the ignorant) are quite useless. They live for themselves. The shades, fruits and flowers of such trees and the qualities of the ignorant are vain in like manner. Just as some of the black deer live grazing the green grass of the plains and some others go to the distant pathless ugly places for grazing, some people tread the smooth sweet and beautiful paths while the others tread the harsh fierce paths. The ignorant people are being attracted and fascinated by the latest acts of the creator, which are outwardly attractive, but end in grave dangers, who of late became heartless and harsh, like the dead body. The wise looking at these acts can not but be wonder-struck. Everywhere people are sex-minded, desiring enjoyment; they take recourse to all wicked ways for getting their desire fulfilled. The wise people are not found anywhere in the world. All actions of people lead only to sorrow, nothing leads to happiness. How to get on in this wretched world, I am unable to know.

28. The world and its utter transience

The animate and inanimate world which is seen by the eye is all transient. It is as false as the dream-copulation. To-day's dried up ocean - belt very deep may turn out to be a great mountain touching the garland of clouds. The thick forest, the trees of which touch the sky may fall down and be on the level of earth or form itself into a deep ditch or well. The same body which is decorated with costly silk clothes,

garlands of flowers etc. may become naked, clothless and thrown into the distant dirty ditch. Where it decays putrified. The great town or city, flourishing now with peculiar customs and systems of people may turn out into a thick forest, uninhabited by human beings. The same man who is to-day honoured as the ruler of a certain province or kingdom may die shortly, whose burnt body becomes a heap of ashes. To-day a fierce, far widely spread uninhabited forest may be destroyed and converted into a beautiful city, the flags on the palaces of which may touch the sky. The same place which is full of richly grown shrubs and creepers, appearing dreadful may to-morrow become a desert with no plant whatsoever. The watery place becomes a dry place and the dry place may become watery in no time. Every thing in the world from the small stick, drop of water and piece of grass undergoes a great change in course of time. The boyhood the youth, the body and all the things of the world are ephemeral; like the waves, they will be changing to another state. Like the flame in the wind, life in the world is always wavering and transient. The glow of all things of the world is like the lightning, momentary. In all the things animate or inanimate, this change is quite evident. Like the seeds all the beings change again and again. With all illusions and delusions, the set up of the *samsara*, the world is like a trained dancing girl by its different poses and movements of limbs, the world-dancing girl creates delusions. The beings of dust, raised by the wind of mind are like the cloth worn by the dancer. The fall of beings in heaven, earth and hell is her wonderful show. The ephemeral day-to-day activities of the world are her fickle slant looks; she creates the illusion like the town of the *Gandharvas*, which is nothing but a figment of imagination. Like the magician, she creates

the delusion that a certain thing is another thing which is not really. Her looks are more fickle than even the lightning. The false set up of the wretched world is quite fit to her mischievous dance. Those good olden days, those great men, those real riches, those noble deeds are of the past. They have gone out of remembrance and out of our vision. We too will become so very shortly. The future generations will think of us so as we think of the past. Every day passes off; another day begins again; there is no end to this wretched process of the world. Men in the present birth are becoming beasts in the next birth; beasts of the present birth are becoming men in their next birth. The gods also are so. Then, what is it that is eternal in the ephemeral world? The Sun-God, only another form of Time, spreads his infinite rays, withdraws and thus causing day and night awaits eagerly the end of the beings of the world. Just as water goes and falls in the mouth of the water-fire, *Badaba, Brahma, Vishun, Siva* – the creator, the sustainer and the destroyer respectively and the other beings run quickly and fall in the mouth of the God of Death and Destruction. The heaven, the earth, the wind, the sky, the rivers and mountains, the four quarters and the four corners – all these are the dried up sticks to the fire of destruction. To the man who is afraid of destruction, death, the worldly riches, relatives, servants and friends, monies and pleasures can not give joy or interest. As long as one is not reminded of the devil of destruction, all the pleasures will be sweet. One who remembers the inevitable death will never cherish the pleasures. In a moment one becomes rich; in a moment the rich man becomes poor. Thus one becomes healthy in a moment and diseased in another moment. There is not even one who is not deluded by the world which creates illusion

every moment and which is utterly false. Even the wise are easily deluded. At one time the sky will be full of thick darkness, at another time, it will shine with the colour of gold, delicate and very beautiful. In a moment, it will be filled with black lotuses, the clouds. At one moment, it will be full of terrific sounds. In a moment it will be silent as if numb. In another moment it will shine with the Sun. At another time, it will be bright with innumerable stars. At some times, it will shine with the full moon. At still another time, there will be nothing in the sky. In this ever-changing false world, who will not be afraid of, even among the wise? Dangers come in a moment, riches come in a moment, Birth takes place in a moment, death takes place in a moment. What is there which is not momentary? All the things of the world change; they are in a way before they were born; in a different way after they are born; they will be in a still different way some time hence. There is nothing which remains forever in the same form, which is true and eternal. Every thing changes; nothing remains unchanged; there is nothing which is changeless. *Ghata* (the pot) becomes *Pata* (the cloth) and vice versa. The bodies are created and destroyed, but are created again. Like day and night birth and death are taking place. The coward is killing the hero. One is killing hundred; mean fellows are becoming rulers; the whole world is becoming topsy turvy by change. People are changing by the touch of the inanimate objects always just as the waters are changing by the touch of the whirlwind. In a few days boyhood disappears; youth enters; in a few days youth disappears and old age enters -- this is the change in the body. What is the fate of other earthly things when this is so? The mind like an actor feels happy for a moment; unhappy for a while and in a

moment it becomes calm. Like a playful boy, the creator creates nonstop, without disgust innumerable things which cause joy, sorrow, delusion and disgust, everywhere. The creator creates beings, protects them and devours them. He shows joy and sorrow before them like day and night. Those who are immersed in the world are having birth and death consecutively. There is nothing which is permanent to them. Both good and bad, riches and poverty, safety and danger they experience consecutively. Time which is quite easily capable of making even the firm fickle-minded and the wise unwise immerses all in the ocean of dangers and continues the gaily game unabated.

The gust of wind of inscrutable Time makes fall endlessly the innumerable beings of the three worlds, the fruits of the tree of *samsara*, the creation, of which some are ripe (fruits) and some are nuts still (Beings old and young). The process goes on continuously.

29. Longevity is momentary

My mind which is burnt by the fire of defect delusions has regained strength of wisdom. In it there is absolutely no desire for pleasures of the flesh, just as the mirage is not found in the lake full of water. As days pass by, I am more unable to relish it, as day by day, the *samsara* becomes more poisonous, like the creeper which embraces the *nimba* tree, of bitterness. Like the trees full of thorns, the hearts of men are becoming day by day harsh and weak but stubborn. Humility and goodness are disappearing. Like the dried creeper of *masha*, a certain bean, the world is destroying itself without any hubbub or noise. Power and kingdoms are full of enjoyments and the consequent woes thereof. Therefore, loneliness is always better.

The pleasure gardens, the beautiful young ladies, the accumulation of wealth can not give me happiness. I always desire peace of mind. The pleasures of the world are ephemeral and dangerous, but to conquer them is quite impossible to the mind which is quite fickle. Then how to get peace of mind? I do not desire death; I do not desire life. I want to be as I must be with no cares and anxieties. I have nothing to do with the kingdoms, the pleasures of the world, the riches of it, and the efforts for the fulfilment of desires. Egoism is the cause for these. That is absent in me. With the strongest ropes of the series of births and deaths the senses are tied up with innumerable knots. Those who try to loosen the knots and succeed are the great and wise men. Like the wild elephant trampling the lotuses to pieces, Cupid is tearing away the minds of men with ladies. Purity of heart is the fit medicine to the disease of the mind. It must be cured now itself; otherwise it becomes incurable and chronic. It can not be cured later. Poison is no poison but the real poison is the engrossment in the senses. The worldly poison will at best kill one who takes it; but this sense-engrossment poison follows one life after life deprives from the path of salvation and destroys him. The pleasures, the sorrows, the friends and the relatives, the birth and death can not bind a man of knowledge. You are the best knower of the pros and the cons. Please enlighten me as to how I can get the highest knowledge and how I can get out of all fears, sorrows and tiresomeness of efforts. The fierce forest of ignorance, intricate with the many *vasanas* impressions unconsciously left on the mind by past good or bad actions, thick with the thorns of sorrows and full of ups and downs of riches and poverty, joys and dangers troubles me. I can tolerate being cut into two by the chisled saw but I can not tolerate

being cut down by the saw of the desire for worldly enjoyments. Just as the gust of wind raises and confuses the lot of dust, the lotion of ignorance such as 'this is' and 'this is not' etc., confuses the mind and makes confusion worse confounded. The garland of *samsara* is strewn with the pearls of *jivas*, beings by means of the thread of avidity. The central pearl is the blossomed mind. This is the ornament of the serpent of time. Like the lion tearing away the nest, I shall tear away this garland with great dispassion, but not with anger. I request you to dispel the darkness of ignorance of my heart with the light of knowledge, which is full of joy. Just as all darkness vanishes with the moonshine of the full moon, the association of the elderly wise will dispel all woes and worries.

Longevity is as momentary as the small drop of water hanging on the end of the cloud, beaten by the gust of wind; the pleasures are as ephemeral as the lightning in the middle of the clouds; the whims, fancies and fascinations of youth are as transient as the streams of water, or its bubbles. Having observed and confirmed in my mind the truth of the above, I live happy with peace of mind.

30. Rama's request for enlightenment

Finding people falling deep in the ditch of *samsara* full of actions leading to perils and fruitlessness, my mind shudders and is disillusioned. My body shakes as a dry leaf. Without having courage and joy, my mind shudders at the *samsara* like a girl shuddering at a weak husband. Running on the grass grown on a deep pit and falling in it fatally, the actions of my mind run after wretched things and fall in the deep ditch of dangers and sorrows. The indiscriminate senses following ignorance and idiocy are in a perilous condition like the man who fell in a deep ditch of thick darkness. Being under the control of

her husband *Jiva*, the wife *chinta* or worry is unable to stay at a place and attain the desired things, like a new lady living in her husband's house for the first time. Courage quite widowed and quite shaken leaving many things without enjoying becomes pale and lifeless like the creeper at the end of winter. The fickleness of my mind deprived me of the joys of *samsara*; I am also deprived of the joys of salvation as I could not get it. Thus I am half here and half there. The trunk of a tree the branches of which are cut off at dead of night appears not as the trunk but a different thing. In the same way, the absence of the knowledge of self, my mind is always deluded and disillusioned. My fickle mind is filled with innumerable pleasures of the flesh. It roams in the three worlds. Just as the gods do not like to leave their planes, the mind is unable to leave fickleness. Will you please tell me the position in which there is no meanness, no illusion or delusion, no sorrow and no body? Doing all efforts, being good and always engaged in day-to-day engagements and daily actions how could *Janaka* and others become exceptionally great. How can a man being fully in the world live without the mud of it falling upon him? What is the attitude of life of those great men like you who attained salvation while still alive? How can the sense-serpents, wicked, fearful, transient and hellish be auspicious well-wishers? How can the mind - lake, the waters of which are scattered and mud-mixed by the wild elephant of delusion be pure and cool? How can man, though engaged in day-to-day affairs of the world like the drop of water on the lotus-leaf, be disenchanted by the world? How can man attain salvation without becoming a prey to the pleasures of the senses, finding the world outwardly as dry grass and inwardly as self? By following whom, who crossed over and got

rid of the ocean of ignorance, can people escape the dangers and difficulties of the world? What is the safe road for me to go and what are the results thereof? How to behave with the people of the awkward world? Pray enlighten me as to know the pros and cons of the world which is transient and which is created by *Brahma*, the creator? Kindly enlighten me with the knowledge of which the black mark in the moon of my heart will be wiped out. What is it that should be attained here and what is it that should not be attained here? What is it that is neither to be hated nor desired here? How is it possible to make the vascillating mind firm like a mountain? Is there any sacred spell, by which the worst disease of *samsara* can be cured? How can I attain the coolness of mind which does not perish like moonlight of the full-moon-night and the bunch of flowers of the tree that give great joy to the mind? As you are the great knower of the eternal truth, kindly enlighten me so that I will attain salvation from which there is no fall and in which there is no sorrow.

One who can not attain the highest state of joy and peace of mind is troubled, worried and deluded by the senseless actions of his vascillating mind just as the hunting dogs in the forest trouble, tease and torture a weak man in the forest.

31. The same request more emphatically

Longevity is as momentary as the small drop of water hanging at the edge of the leaf of the tree on the top of the mountain; it may fall any moment. It does not appear on the body like the thin moon on the head of Lord *Siva*. It lasts only a few days like the skin in the throat of the frogs in the fields. People are bound in the nest of relatives and friends, kith and kin

The winds of *vasanas* surround man; the lightning of avidity and evil thoughts appear and disappear. The clouds of delusions roar leaving fierce sounds of the rupture of clouds; the peacocks of miserliness dance; the shrubs of evils put forth buds; the wicked death-cat hurries up to eat the rats of *jivas*, beings; like streams of water people come forth from different quarters; there is every possibility of fall for the beings. As such what is the way for me? What is my protection? What shall I think? Whom shall I approach? How will this wilderness of life be auspicious for me? There is no wicked or ugly thing in the three worlds which does not change into a beautiful and fine thing in the hands of great people like you. This ever-painsgiving wretched *samsara*, the world is full of illusions and delusions uncherishable. Can it ever be made devoid of delusion and can it ever be cherishable?

Like the earth during the spring season full of flowers and foliage, the *samsara* or the world becomes beautiful by a fresh bath in the ocean of the milk of joy. My mind-moon is now wearing the black spots of wretched desires. How can I become pure and full? By following whom, who renounced the desires for worldly as well as other worldly pleasures and who found out the dangers and defects of *samsara*, can I safely come out of the forest of *samsara*? What are the methods by which the man fallen in the ocean of *samsara* can escape from the dangerous bites of the cobras called love and hatred? The liquid mercury though fallen in the fire will not be destroyed. In the same way how can man escape from the dangers of *samsara* though fallen in it? If one falls in the ocean, he will not but be drenched by water. Thus, when one falls into the world of *samsara*, sure the day-to-day affairs bind him. Just as there is no

flame of fire which does not burn, there is no action which does not give good or bad result, love or hatred, joy or sorrow. The existence of the world depends upon the dirtiness of the mind. The mind will be liquidated only by the acquisition of knowledge and not otherwise. Therefore pray tell me the words of wisdom and high philosophy. Pray teach me the way by which I can get the highest knowledge which gives me no sorrow whatsoever whether I do acts or do not do. Kindly enlighten me as to by doing what my mind becomes pure, attains peace and never-ending joy. Also please tell me as to who by doing what could attain that state previously. How could the virtuous and men of wisdom get rid of the great sorrows of the world? Please enlighten me by your knowledge. Whether I become wise or not, whether some one tells me the words of wisdom or not in detail and whether I get peace of mind by them or not, I will renounce all desires, egoism and effort. I will not take food; I will not drink. I will not wear clothes and I will not take my bath. I do not do any thing. Let dangers fall upon me; let riches become abundant to me. I will be without effort or action I do not desire anything except the fall of my body in due time. Without having any doubt whatsoever, any attachment whatsoever, any jealousy whatsoever, I shall observe strict silence and sit like a doll. In course of time, I gradually leave aside inhaling and exhaling also and get rid of this dangerous body. This body is not mine; I am not the body; I have nothing to do with other bodies. Leaving aside every thing, I will let my body fall. It becomes extinguished like the wick without oil."

Rama flourishing like the spotless moon, with fully blossomed and enlightened mind spoke to the

great thus and kept quiet like the peacock, crying before the clouds, gets tired and desires to take rest.

32. All praise Rama's words of wisdom

The lotus-eyed Rama thus spoke words that dispel the delusions of the mind. Hearing them, all gathering without even a single exception became wonder-struck with eyes like fully blossomed lotuses becoming big with joy their bodies were thrilled with the joy of the words. All their previous thoughts of *samsara* vanished with the thoughts of dispassion. They felt very happy as though they were on the ocean of joy of the nectar of heaven. Adepts in the art of hearing good words, they all showing great joy heard the words of *Rama*, stable like dolls. Sitting attentive in the assemblage saints like *Viswamitra*, *Vasishtha* and others, ministers like *Jayanta* and others, *Dasaratha*, and other kings, the dependents of the king, the citizens, the princes, brahmins learned in the *Vedas*, ministers and servants and the birds in the cages heard the words of *Rama*. The domestic animals for sport heard with rapt attention; so the horses standing still, ladies like *Kowsalya* and others without allowing their ornaments making any sound sitting in their places looking through the windows heard *Rama's* words. Birds in the pleasure gardens and on the top of palaces without making any noise, without even moving their wings heard the words of *Rama*. The *Siddhas*, the heavenly beings, sages like *Narada*, *Vyasa* and *Pulaha* and others of the gods, demons and the *Vidyadharas* heard the words of *Rama*, which are full of deep, peculiar, highly intellectual and philosophical content when *Rama*, as beautiful as the moon, the moon in the sky of the *Raghu* race and the lotus-eyed stopped his talk, the *Siddhas* praised him and showered rain of flowers. The rain appeared as

the canopy above. The unseen *Siddhas* from above showered rain of *mandaara* flowers for a short while. The wasps living in the *mandaara* flowers woke up from their slumber and began to sing songs of joy which became noisy. The fragrance of the divine flowers made the people overjoyful. The rain of flowers appeared to the onlookers as if the wind made the sky full of stars fall on earth, as though the lustre of the smiling of the ladies of heaven fell upon earth, as if the particles of the clouds of white colour seen on the *Rishyamooka* fell on earth, as if the clouds of gold in a good number fell on earth, as though there was a rain of hailstones resembling pearls, as if the beams of the full moon or the waves of the ocean of milk had expanded. It was a grand rain of flowers, with falling lotuses with filaments, blossoming lilies, falling jasmines and moving black lilies. The wasps appeared on all sides roaming. Fine breeze moved the flowers. With the showers of rain of flowers fallen from the sky which presented the appearance of a black lily-like colour, the terrace of the assembly was full. The men and women of the town saw with great wonder and admiration the great spectacle which was unprecedented and unparalleled. The flowers also fell on the whole assembly and platform. After shedding flowers of rain thus, the *Siddhas* spoke to themselves thus. All people of the assembly heard the words with rapt attention. "We *Siddhas* have been roaming in heaven and heavenly places from the beginning of the *Kalpa* till now. We never heard the nectar of beautiful words as now spoken by *Sri Rama*. The words of *Rama* full of dispassion, we believe, that *Brihaspati* also does not know. It is excellent that we heard such soul-stirring and heart-pleasing words of *Rama*, here to-day. We are exhorted by the most beautiful, the most courteous, the most ennobling, the most

nectar-like leading to inward peace, in spell-binding words befitting to be spoken by *Rama* only. How lucky we are to hear them, blissful we are after hearing them!

33. The greatest of the divine superhuman; human beings meet

Let us hear what the great saints reply to the excellent words of *Rama*, pure, sincere and serene. "Come along Oh *Narada*, *Vyasa*, *Pulaha* and others, come along, don't hesitate. Come unhindered. We shall also go to the assembly of king *Dasaratha* just as the wasps gladly approach the lotus, with golden coloured filaments."

So saying the *Siddhas*, the great saints and the divine sages came down from above, their living place. They came in good numbers to the assembly of *Dasaratha*. In front of them was the divine sage *Narada*, singing the name of *Narayana* on his lute. Behind him was *Vyasa*, the sky-black coloured, in the middle were *Bhrigu*, *Angiras*, *Pulastya*, *Chyavana*, *Uddalaka*, *Useera*, *Saraloma* and others. As they were speedily coming together their deer-skins rubbed with each other; their garlands of beads were moving. They had good *Kamandalus* in their hands; they were shining with lustre like the stars in the sky. They appeared like the Sun-Gods with effulgent faces. They were of different colours like the gems. They shone like pearls. Like a flood of moonlight, like a group of Sun-Gods they were shining. They appeared as though innumerable full moons gathered at one place. *Vyasa* appeared like a cloud in the middle of innumerable stars; *Narada* appeared as the disc of the full moon in the middle of many stars. *Pulastya* in the middle of the saints appeared as *Indra* in the middle of the gods. *Angiras*

appeared as the Sun in the middle of the Gods. When they came down and were entering the assembly of *Dasaratha*, all the saints and the people stood up in great reverence. When the *Khecharas* (the sky-roamers) and *Bhoochras* (the earth-roamers) met and mingled with great lustre covering each other, they made the eight quarters shine resplendent. Some held sticks of bamboos in their hands; some held *leelakamalas*, playful lotuses; in the knots of hair they wore sprouts of the *doorva* grass and on the heads they wore the best gems; their clusters of hair were in the wheat colour; garlands of flowers were around their heads. They wore the garlands of beads and garlands of jasmynes. Their dress was that of the tree-skin-filaments-made; their waist-round thin robes and their garlands of pearls were moving. *Viswamitra*, *Vasishtha* and others worshipped them with the traditional *arghyapadyas* and nectar-like words. In return they also worshipped saints like *Viswamitra* and *Vasishtha* in the same way. *Dasaratha*, also highly worshipped them thus suitably. They also respected *Dasaratha* with enquiries of his welfare and other ways. After mutual worship and happy talks they all took their seats peacefully. The *Siddhas* honoured *Rama* who stood up with folded hands before them with sweet words, rain of flowers, praises and the like. With their permission *Rama* shining resplendent with the goddess of kingship took his seat. All the saints like *Viswamitra*, *Vasishtha*, *Vamadeva*, the ministers, *Narada*, the *Devaputras*, *Vyasa*, *Mareechi*, *Durvasas*, *Angirasas*, *Kratu*, *Pulahu*, *Saraloma*, *Vatsyayana*, *Bharadwaja*, *Valmiki*, *Uddalaka*, *Richeeka*, *Saryati*, *Chyavana* and others, the Brahmins very learned in the *Vedas* and the *Vedangas* etc., and the great *Tattwajnas*, knowers of the highest truth took their seats. Great Saints like *Narada*, *Vasishtha*, *Viswamitra* and others spoke thus

about *Rama* who bent his head with all humility: "Excellent. Boy *Rama*, spoke great words full of wisdom, of a very high order, pregnant with dispassion and very auspiciousness. They are all full of deep thought, teaching the highest philosophy, as clear as day-light, dignified, greatly appealing, quite becoming of the worshipful, eternal, easily understood, very pure and splendidly expressed. They are all very joyful. Hearing them; who fails to appreciate and eulogize them? Generally, the words of one among one hundred will be fine with wit and humour, beautiful, clear and highly benign. The creeper of the arrows of great intellect, full of the fruits of discrimination can not so much blossom in others as this of yours. This light of great intellect shedding unparalleled lustre as that of *Rama* is present in one, he is the real man. Almost all except a few are the machines with blood, flesh and bones; they are immersed in the sense-pleasures. There is none among them who possesses good intellect. They are dull insipid and they never try for salvation. They are worse than beasts. They fall again and again in the abyss of birth, death, old age and sorrows. They become utterly deluded and will never think of the heinousness of *samsara*. Somewhere, somehow one like *Rama*, who thinks of the pros and cons of *samsara* and who is purity personified may be found one among millions. Just as the mango trees, which give very sweet and tasteful fruits, fair and fragrant are very rare in the world; possessors of discrimination and salvation are very very rare in the world. Sri *Rama*, worthy of worship, intellectual at this early age experiences the taste of self-realization. He is able to understand the nature and reality of the world clearly and cleverly. One may come across in the world many trees fair, amply grown with leaves, flowers and fruits but sandalwood trees

are very rare. In every forest one can see many trees with sprouts, leaves and fruits but such creepers as the *lavanga*, a kind of spices-creeper, can not be found everywhere. We are able to hear from *Rama* a very exceptionally beautiful, high-levelled speech which is like the moonlight from the moon, a bunch of flowers on an excellent tree and fine fragrance from the flower. This wretched world which is God's worst creation has no essence at all. It is very difficult to extract essence from it. Those renowned people who extract the essence from *samsara* are really fortunate; they are the best and the greatest of men. We are quite certain that we can not find a man of discrimination, high-mindedness and glory as *Rama* not only now but in future as well.

Rama is the wonder of all the worlds. If his mind's desire is not fulfilled what is the use of our intelligence? Quite useless. He richly deserves to be well answered and satisfied.

CHAPTER II

Mumukshu Vyavahara

(The day to-day behaviour of a spiritual aspirant)

1. The attainment of salvation by Sri Suka

When all the assembly gathered there praised *Rama* and his words of great dispassion in thundrous words aloud, *Viswamitra* spoke to *Rama* thus: "*Rama*, the best knower of the knowable, there is nothing which you have still to learn. With the strength of your keen intellect you are able to know all that is to be known. The mirror of your brain is pure by nature. The originally pure mirror requires a bit of rubbing by a smooth cloth. Your mind also like the mind of *Sri Suka*, son of divine *Vysya* having known the knowable

well desires only the inner peace of mind.” | *Rama* then asked *Viswamitra* “Sir How did *Sri Suka* son of divine *Vyasa* having attained knowledge attain peace of mind ultimately which he could not get in the beginning?” *Viswamitra* replied “*Rama* the story of *Sri Suka* like the story of the Self leads to salvation. Hear attentively as I reveal it. | See the divine *Vyasa* sitting on the golden chair by the side of your father like an effulgent mountain of collyrium, black pigment used to paint the eye-lashes. He is as lustrous as the Sun-God. | The bright moon-faced expert in knowledge is his son, very learned and verily the personification of sacrifice and firm conviction. | He also like you thought over the nature of *samsara* and its inherent defects and delusions. As a result, his mind attained discrimination, the knowledge of what is right and what is wrong. Thinking in his pure mind for long by dint of his own intellect keen and righteous found out the eternal, beautiful and the never changing truth. | Though he found out the eternal truth, his mind was not at peace. He could not believe for certain that this is the only one thing and nothing else is. | Like the *chataka*; a certain bird supposed to live on rain drops only, which develops aversion to and turns away from the waters of a river full of waves, the firm mind of *Sri Suka* developed aversion to and turned away from the ephemeral pleasures of the senses. Once this man of pure and great intelligence requested his father who sat lonely on the *Meru* mount thus with deep devotion: “How did the external appendage of *samsara* come into existence? How long and where does it continue? How does it end?” Having been thus questioned by his son, saint *Vyasa* with pure heart replied suitably. The words of the father were not honoured by the son who thought that he knew them before. *Vyasa* quite understanding

the son's reluctance to his words said to him again “I do not know more than this. There is king *Janaka* famous on earth. Please go to him and learn what all to be known from him.” *Suka* came down the *Sumeru* Mountain to earth and went to the town *Videha* ruled by *Janaka*. He stood at the gate. The gate-keepers told *Janaka* that *Suka* was waiting at the gate. “Let him” replied *Janaka* and cared not for him. Thus he kept him at the gate for seven days to test him. Then the king next permitted him to enter in from the outer gate. At the inner gate *Suka* was allowed to stand for seven more days. Then *Janaka* allowed him to enter the royal palace and conveyed to him that the king could be seen only after a week. But he sent young fair and love-intoxicated damsels to attend to his needs equipping them with articles of luxuries, costly food etc. He employed them to attend on him. The articles of luxury and lust the givers of great sorrow could not win over his firm mind as the light western breeze can not move the trunk of a big strong tree. *Suka* was like the full moon. He maintained great equilibrium of mind with peace and joy within and without. He observed strict silence. Then understanding *Suka's* nature aright *Janaka* sent for him and saluted when he approached him. Extending a hearty welcome and enquiring after his welfare he said “*Sri Suka*, You have completed the worldly tasks; achieved all ends. All desires fulfilled, all *tasks* performed what more do you want? Welcome. Please tell me.” *Suka* replied “Great Sir, How did the external appendage of *samsara* come into existence? How and when does it end, please tell me soon.” Having thus been asked *Janaka* told him what *Vyasa*, his father told him before. *Suka* said “Oh best of the apt speakers, I have known what you said long before by my intellect myself. My father

also said the same when asked. The Scriptures also say the same thing in detail. The wretched *samsara* came into existence by mere ignorance. With the disappearance of ignorance, the *samsara* too disappears. It is cent per cent true. What do you say? Tell me the truth, the Eternal Truth which dispels my doubts and keeps my mind, which is vacillating, at rest or peace." *Janaka* replied "Oh saint, there is nothing more than what you your self concluded and what your father already taught, to know. The One the eternal great personification of life, activity-the only One with no second called the *Purusha* only has existence and nothing else has any. All the rest are devoid of existence. He becomes bound by ignorant imagination and becomes free and attains the original real shape the moment the false imagination vanishes. Without actual enjoyment of earthly pleasures, you attained dispassion for them. It goes without saying that you know what ought to be known for certain. While still you are a boy, you attained dispassion for the pleasures of the senses and thus became a real and great hero. Your mind developed deep aversion to and dispassion for the sense-pleasures which are the long and chronic diseases. You need hear nothing more. The fullness which you attained, even your father, the great ore of all knowledge and the glorious penance-doer did not attain. In renouncing the pleasures of the senses, I am greater than your father. You have now become greater than me rejecting and renouncing the desires for all pleasures. You have achieved all what one should achieve. Your desire is fulfilled. You will never get attached to this world, be assured, give up delusions, you are a greatly realized and liberated soul."

Having been thus exhorted and enlightened by great *Janaka* with philosophical recklessness *Sri Suka*

became the Pure, the One Supreme Being. Then, he went to the *Meru* Mountain, the place for virtuous nobility to forget every thing in meditation, leaving aside all worries and woes, doubts and fears and passions and perversions. Living there for ten thousand years in an undisturbed highly concentrated meditation; *Sri Suka* attained salvation becoming one with the only ONE.

Just as the pure water-drop leaving aside the attachment with the black cloud falls in the ocean and becomes one with it, *Sri Suka* leaving aside the impurities bodily and otherwise joined the *Paramatma* and became one with him, pure eternal and all-blissful.

2. Viswamitra's words of wisdom

"Rama, Just as rubbing with a smooth cloth of wise exhortation to the mirror of the heart of *Sri Suka* was required you also require just the same at present."

Turning towards the assembly, *Viswamitra* said "Oh saints and saintly people, *Rama* knew by himself what all is to be known. Hence all pleasures appear to him as diseases. Reluctance to and hatred for the ephemeral pleasures of the transient world are the signs of a true philosopher. Though the rope of the bondage of *samsara* is unreal, it becomes strong by the desire to enjoy the pleasures of the world. With the disappearance of this desire, bondage also disappears. The great men say that the annihilation of all *vasanas* is deliverance from bondage. The strong growth of all *vasanas* is falling headlong in the abyss of bondage. Generally, the knowledge of the self men may easily and naturally attain, but the conquest of avidity for sense-pleasures is very difficult. One whose power of knowledge is not hit by the desire for pleasures is the real scholar, knower of the highest to be known. Those

who are averse to the pleasures of the world heart and soul and not for winning cheap popularity etc., are the real attainers of salvation while still alive. As long as avidity for sense-joys will not die, knowledge can not grow in man just as no creeper will grow in the desert sands. The places of pleasures, however beautiful they are could not attract *Rama*. Therefore, he is to be undoubtedly considered as the great knower of self. What *Rama* knew in his heart of hearts is eternal truth. If it is confirmed by the expert in the field, he will attain peace of mind. Just as the goddess of the moony (*sarat*) season desires pure uncloudy black and calm sky, *Rama's* mind desires complete rest in self eternal. Now for giving that mental peace and complete rest in self eternal, let saint and god *Vasishtha* teach and confirm as right the mental state of *Rama*. Always *Vasishtha* had been the lord, teacher and guide to the *Raghu* race. He is the all-knower, the witness of all and the seer and knower of the past, present and the future."

Viswamitra turning towards *Vasishtha* said "Divine *Vasishtha*, do you remember Lord *Brahma's* great teaching on the *Nishadha* mountain under the shades of the *sarala* trees to you and to me to wipe out our enmity for the welfare of the saints of noble minds? By that great teaching, full of the best argument and knowledge all the *vasanas* of *samsara* disappear just as with the rise of the Sun all darkness disappears. Please teach that philosophy with good arguments to *Rama*, your student. He will attain peace by hearing it. Your teaching will be quite fruitful because *Rama* is free from drawbacks and ignorance, deserving richly being taught. In the purest mirror, the face appears clearly and easily. The knowledge of the scriptures becomes fruitful greatly only when it is taught to the attentive,

obedient and dispassionate student. That knowledge and that teaching are pure and blameless. The knowledge taught to a non-student, disobedient, passionate and undeserving becomes impure like the cow milk kept in a bag made by the skin of the dog. People rich with the wealth of dispassion, the conquerors of fear, anger and attachment; pure-hearted and cool-minded, those who drive away egoism and malice from them—they are people like you—are the worthiest to teach and if we teach, immediately they will become full of peace of mind, and absolute rest".

Hearing the words of *Viswamitra*, *Vyasa*, *Narada* and other saints of the highest rank approved, appreciated and said 'splendid, splendid'. Then, sitting by the side of the king, — *Vasishtha* the son of *Brahma* equal to *Brahma* and very light-shedding spoke thus: "Oh sage *Viswamitra*, I shall obey your command. Though capable of disobeying, who will disobey the wise and great? None. Just as the lamp drives away the darkness, I will drive away the darkness of ignorance from the minds of the princes by means of my teaching them real knowledge. I shall recollect to my mind the knowledge taught by the great Creator *Brahma* indivisible, unparalleled self-knowledge for the sake of destroying the delusions of *samsara* and attaining peace of mind, on mount *Nishadha*."

Having said so *Vasishtha*, the great saint gathering all materials in his mind shone with great lustre worthy of the preceptor and began to tell, for the destruction of ignorance and establishment of peace of mind, the great science of philosophy.

3. Repetition of creation : birth and death again and again.

I will now reveal what *Brahma*, the great creator said at the time of the beginning of the creation

for the welfare and peace of the world this great science of philosophy." Rama said "Sir, before doing so please clarify my doubt as to why the great intellectual giant, the father and teacher of Suka the divine sage Vyasa did not attain *videhamukti* while his son Suka attained it?" Vasishtha replied thus: "Rama, *Videhamukti* is liberation after the fall of the body, *Sadeha* or *jivanmukti* is liberation with the body or while one is alive; both are one and the same; the ideal is eternal salvation after the fall of the body. The power of activity shining resplendent in *Paramatma* like the fine Sunshine scatters the smallest atoms in innumerable ways. None can count them. They rise from the *Paramatma* and get annihilated in the same. The atoms are the creators of innumerable worlds. Hence no body can say or count the existing worlds. How can he count the future worlds? Therefore, men of wisdom will never care for or put any trust in the bodies or worlds existing or are going to exist in future." Hearing his words Rama said "Let us keep aside for a while the past and the future creations. The present creations themselves far excel them all." Vasishtha said "Rama, when the *jiva* goes out of the body either of beasts, birds, men, gods etc., it wears the smallest form called '*Aativaahika*'. It looks within the three worlds full of *vasanas*. This *jiva* in reality is *Paramatma* who never possesses the crookedness of birth, growth and death. Thus all *jivas* are sure to leave aside the bodies; they left; they leave in future. At the time of death, as per the predominant desire among many desires that *jiva* bears the fruit of that desire in the next life or birth. The fact that the world is false is very well realised at the time of death and at the time of birth in the sky of the mind. It is as false as the offering of the chair of gems to God at the time of worshipping mentally, building castles in the air, the

creation of the garland of pearls by the magician, the appearance of events in a story on the mind's canvas; the patient of the disease of wind feeling the earthquake, the creation of the devil to frighten the boy, the pearls appearing in the sky to the man suffering from the disease of the eye, the movement of trees appearing to the man sailing in a boat, the town appearing in a dream and the mind-created sky-flower. The world of *vasanas* experienced at the time of death, due to the intimacy with ignorance becomes strong and shines in the sky of *jiva* as '*ihaloka*', this world. The desire to live, birth, death are experienced in this '*ihaloka*' alone. The world after death also is such. Here also death, birth occur. In this outward body (*Sthulasareera*) there is another body called the small body (*Sukshma Sareera*). In the small body also there is another body called *kaarana sareera* (the causal body). These three kinds of bodies one within another like flaps in the plantain tree form the *samsara*. Though the dead man has nothing to do with the five elements and no relationship with them and also with the principles and events of life, the delusion of the world remains. It is not dead. Even at the time of dissolution of every thing, the *pralaya-kala*, *avidya*, ignorance will not disappear. From it all kinds of deeds begin. It is like a river with moving and disappearing waves. At the time of sleep and at the time of dissolution there will be no waves in this river. At the time of creation and at the time of sleep etc., the waves of delusion soar high. Rama, in the vast ocean of *Brahman*, *Paramatma* great waves, creations of worlds rise again and again in great numbers. The *jivas* taking bodies again and again are the *Brahman*. The bodies which the *jivas* take are sometimes equal and sometimes different. Sometimes all the previous *samskaras* remain as before; sometimes the qualities of family,

caste and mind differ. As far as I can see clearly this *Vyasa* is the thirty second *Vyasa*s. In the previous creations thirty one *Vyasa*s had their existence. The first twelve *Vyasa*s had the same caste, form and history. They were of ordinary intellect. The tenth *Vyasa* was of a different caste. Hereafter innumerable *Vyasa*s, *Valmiki*s, *Bhrigu*s, *Angirasa*s, *Pulastya*s are going to be born. The bodies of some may be as before; the bodies of others may change. Innumerable men, gods, divine saints will be born at the same time and die at the same time. Some times, they will be born differently and die differently. This is the seventy second *Treta-yuga* of a *Brahma*. Many such *yugas* passed by; many are going to pass. We are as we were. There are some new men also. I am able to see before my own eyes the tenth incarnation of this great *Vyasa*, the most wonderful, farsighted and miraculous sage. We were born many times as contemporaries to *Vyasa* and *Valmiki*. Some of us were born sometimes separately also. We, these and other knowers of self were born with such bodies as these many times. Sometimes though the bodies were different, the ideas and ideals were the same. This *Vyasa* will be born again eight times and will write eight times the *Maha Bharata*. This *Vyasa* like the previous one divides the *Vedas* again, brings forth great name and fame to the race of *Bharatas*. Finally, he will attain *Brahman* leaving aside the body. This *Vyasa* is now a *jivanmukta*, full of self control, peaceful, devoid of delusions. He has no egoism as well as attachment. Hence he is happy devoid of sorrow or fear of any kind. Riches, relations, longevity, effort, education, and knowledge—all these are equally shared by the *jivas* and they will have the same forms and lives. Sometimes, they will be different. Sometimes they will live in every creation. All this is illusion. There is no end to it.

The grain put together before measurement will be different from the grain later on. Thus, the *jivas* will be different in the different creations. The innumerable creations, the different waves of Time-ocean will be the same as before sometimes and will be quite different sometimes.

But the great knower of self has no disappointments; born of ignorance. His peace of mind will never get disturbed. He is quite contented by the nectar of great peace. The illusions and delusions disappear and the great knower shines resplendent becoming One with the Brahman.

4. The Human Effort (Paurusha)

Just as the ocean is ocean with waves or without waves, a liberated man is a liberated man with or without body. With body or without body a liberated soul is never bound by the senses. When one does not treat the senses as the objects of enjoyment, how can he or will he take them as pleasures? We are looking at the liberated *Vyasa* as we look at any other object like the pot or the cloth. We do not know his heart of hearts. The liberated souls are the personifications of great knowledge whether they wear bodies or not. There is absolutely no difference between a *jivanmukta* or *videhamukta*. Water is water whether it is in the form of waves or in a stand-still form. There is no difference between *sadehamukti* and *videhamukti*. The wind is wind whether it is moving or not. The ideal of myself and *Vyasa* is not liberation with body or without body, but undivided Oneness, the merger of *jivatma* with *Paramatma* and the consequent eternal Oneness.

Having clarified your doubt, I will now reveal to you the knowledge of the self. It destroys the darkness

of ignorance; it is a veritable feast to the ear. In the world, the application of due self-effort makes one attain the desired ends. By effort one is getting coolness, joy and nectar from the Moon. By effort one can attain knowledge which leads to salvation. We practically see that effort leads to movement. The dull and the ignorant created God, who is nothing but the effort of the previous births. As per the instructions of the wise, effort is the movement of the mind, tongue and the body. It gives good fruits. The rest is sheer madness. Whatever one desires he gets that as per the scriptures. Desiring implies effort, continuous and constant. By self-effort one is able to attain the power and position of *Indra* and rule over the three worlds. By self-effort, one is able to attain the lotus-seatedness, eternal joy and the power and position of *Brahma*. By self-effort another is able to become *Garudadhvaja*, and attain the power and position of *Vishnu*. By self-effort, another became *Arthanareeswara*, half man and half woman, the wearer of the thin moon on the head and became *Siva*. The self-effort is of two kinds— of the past and the present. The past effort can be changed by the present. Men of self-effort, by firm and long practice, by inspiration can devour and digest even the *Meru* mountain. It is needless to say that they can undo the past effort. The strict observance or the practice of the injunctions of the Scriptures is the auspicious self-effort. By it, one can attain the desired ends. The rest are waste and useless, and dangerous too.

By one's misfortune, if he is averse to self-effort (by strict observance of the scriptural injunctions) and becomes a dullard and effortless (roams as he pleases, rebelling against scriptural conventions) he can not even join together the five fingers of his hand and drink

water saying *Kesava* or *Narayana*. He becomes insipid to drink even water to quench his thirst. But a man of constant and continuous self-effort will be able to conquer the whole earth full of oceans, mountains, towns, cities and islands and divide it to his progeny. He desires to conquer not one earth but many as his thirst for conquest by self-effort will not easily be quenched.

5. The establishment of self-effort

Light is the cause for different colours like white, black, yellow etc. Thus *Pravritti*; engrossment in the world is the cause for experiencing different fruits, actions as per the great scriptures. Mental desire without the simultaneous due action as per the great scriptural injunctions is nothing but sheer madness. There will be not only no use by it but it will lead to further delusions. The results of actions depend upon the intensity of the effort and its seriousness. Even the so called luck is not against this principle. Action is of two kinds — one that is against the injunctions of the scriptures and the other as per the injunctions of the scriptures. The first is for attaining salvation; the second is for attaining disasters. The past and the present actions equally strong or with a small difference in strength like two fierce rams will be fighting with each other constantly. Of the two the strong will succeed and the weak will fall. Therefore, one must perform strong good actions in this life which will weaken the bad actions of the past. One's actions and the actions of the others of equal strength or of slightly equal strength like two rams will be fighting with each other. The strong will survive; the weak will perish. Even if one performs good actions as per the injunctions of the scriptures, he may suffer from diseases,

pains and troubles etc. Then it is quite evident that the past bad actions are more powerful than the present good deeds. If one, with a will strong and great, will perform very auspicious good deeds, even the ripened past bad actions could be destroyed just as the strongest teeth may pounce the other teeth. The idea that the past actions are driving me to do the present actions must be driven away by the present good deeds. Till the past evil results of bad actions are not destroyed, one must be doing good actions as per the wise injunctions of the great scriptures. It is undoubted that past actions could be wiped out by the present actions. The fact that the present actions can be the destroyers of the future actions is enough proof to say so. With the glory of intellectual power and constant and sincere effort one must drive away inauspicious and evil results of the past actions and amass the virtues by which the ocean of *samsara* can be got rid of or crossed easily. The effortless man is equal to a donkey. He can not reach salvation. One who tries with constant endeavour as per the injunctions of the scriptures attains the here as well as the hereafter. Like a lion which tries and tries and comes out of the cage, in which it is imprisoned, one must try and try with all force at his disposal and come out of the abyss of *samsara*. One must think every day that the body is not permanent, but quite transient. He must conquer the beastly nature in him. He must earn the association of good and virtuous people. He must engage himself in the study of the scriptures that show the goal of life clearly. Like the fly or the worm, being satisfied with the pus and blood of the boil and live there, one should not waste his precious time and life in being satisfied with wife, children, food and the apparent and purely temporary pleasures of the family. By good deeds, good will return

by bad deeds, bad will return. There is nowhere the object called God or Luck. If one does not rely upon the evidence of reality before him but prefers the doubtful, one must be afraid of his own hands thinking them to be serpents and should run away. The Goddess of Fortune refuses to see the face of the man who thinks that he is guided by Luck or God. She favours the man of constant and great effort. Therefore, a man who wants to attain salvation first must rely upon self-effort and be in the possession of great discrimination and must study the scriptures teaching the knowledge of the Self. One who desires and does not try to get his desire fulfilled strictly following the injunctions of the scriptures becomes dull, foolish and pleasure-minded. Fie upon him! It does not mean that all efforts are fruitful and thinking so one should not try to make a stone a gem in vain. Efforts prescribed and encouraged by the holy scriptures alone bear fruit without fail but not efforts with no rule, rhyme and authority. Just as the worldly objects like *ghata* and *pata* (the pot and the cloth) have their limits or measurements, the fulfilment of desires also has its limitations. The result will be in proportion to the effort made.

Following implicitly the great injunctions of the holy scriptures, having the glory of the association of the saintly people and going rigidly as per great tradition on the virtuous path, if one does actions, they are sure to be fruitful. Otherwise they will be in vain. That is the very nature of *Karma*, action. This in essence is the nature of self-effort. Having a purview of all these if one does an action, it bears fruit without fail; his effort will never be in vain. Great men like *Harischandra* and others, though suffered chill penury and diffidence in life became as great as *Indra* by means

of SELF-EFFORT. Practising from boyhood sincerely and seriously again and again discussions on great scriptural truths for salvation and contact with the wise knowers of truth without break and getting the desires fulfilled are the results of self-effort. Hence, those who do not believe in these seen, practised and experienced truths but depend upon Luck or God are fools and are called the 'living dead'. The effortless dullest easy-going life of lethargy and idleness is the root cause of all our misery. Otherwise every one on earth would have been a rich man or a great scholar. Due to this wrong idea of Luck or God the whole earth between the seas has been the dwelling place of idlers and poor people.

After the passing away of boyhood, full of fictitious sports and games and fickle-mindedness from the very beginning of youth man must cultivate the virtues of discrimination etc. By self-examination and self-purification he must get rid of his defects and gain more of virtues.

By then the day ended. The Sun set. All took leave of the saint and attended to their daily duties at dawn. The next day they gathered again with the rays of the Sun and *Vasishtha* continued his discourse.

6. Dejection of Luck or God

There is no such thing as Luck or God except the previous action. Therefore, without relying on luck, one must cultivate contact with the saintly people and try vigorously as per the dictates of the holy scriptures. The greater the effort, the greater will be the result. Luck or God also follows effort. At the time of sorrow people say that 'it is very difficult'. At the time of joy, of the past actions people say 'luck'. Thus except past

actions there is no Luck or God. Just as a mighty man controls the boy, the past actions can be controlled by strong present actions. Just as the bad action of the present can be turned into an auspicious action by means of *prayaschitta* (acts of atonement) one can change the actions of the past by strong actions of the present. Those who do not try vigorously for undoing the past action, luck or god, but blindly keep quiet succumbing to it are really the unfortunate, the foolish and dissipated people. If the present effort is not able to succeed, it means the past action, the past self-effort is stronger than the present. If in a bunch of fruits, if one is devoid of juice, it is the misfortune (past bad action) of the eater. In the world even famous things are being destroyed. It shows the superior effort of the destroyer to that of the destroyed. As already stated, the past and the present efforts like two rams will be fighting with each other. The mighty survive. After the death of a king, in the absence of a rightful claimant to the throne, it was the custom in olden days to leave an elephant decorating it gaily. The ministers etc., follow the elephant. Even if the elephant chooses a beggar, he will be made the king. Here the result is the effect of effort not Luck or God. By effort one takes food, eats and swallows by grinding with his teeth. The mighty man trounces the weak fellow by his effort of might. That is the reason why the weak are becoming the servants of the strong. The strong are using the weak like dry clots of mud, throwing as they please. The effort of the capable seen or unseen, the weak and the foolish call it luck, or God. One element is mightier than the other; one man is mightier than the other. It is quite evident that there is no luck but the strong and the stronger effort. In the above example of the elephant choosing the

beggar as the king, it is quite evident that the past effort of the beggar might be stronger and so might have won for him kingship. So, the present effort may defeat the past if it is still stronger and it is vice versa if the past effort is stronger than the present. The wise will not move under both the past and the present effort or its effect. Finally, the past *Karma*, may be conquered by the present *Karma* as the strong man conquers the weak one, the boy. The effect of the effort of one year's crop will be spoiled by the strong rain of one day. The effort of the rain or the cloud is stronger than the effort of one year. The man of the highest effort often succeeds. If the money that is earned by great effort is lost, one should not feel sorry for it, but realise and make greater effort to gain it again. When one can not put forth the strongest effort, there is no use weeping. For what we can not conquer we should not weep. Otherwise we must always be weeping for death which is inevitable for us and which we can not conquer. All the objects of the world shine on account of the strength of the place, time, the action, and the thing. The strongest of these will succeed. Therefore, taking recourse to strong and great self-effort, attaining the close association of the men of saintliness and the ever-understanding of the scriptural truths, getting purity of heart one must cross over the ocean of *samsara*. In the forest of human beings, there are two trees yielding fruit namely the past effort and the present effort. The stronger of the two will always be successful. The man who does not dispel the past actions by very strong effort is an ignorant animal and he is quite dependent on joy and sorrow. Undoubtedly he is equal to a beast and he will be coming and going to heaven and hell; he is ever dependent; never independent. He has no salvation. One

who is full of effort and one who strictly follows the hoary and holy principles of life tears asunder the illusion of the world and attains salvation just as the strong lion tears off the cage and becomes itself free. Leaving aside effort, incessant and strong, one who says that he is guided by somebody, creating false ideas for himself is to be greatly shunned and renounced forever. In the world there are thousands and thousands of day-to-day affairs. Without placing likes and dislikes it is always better to attend to them as per the directions of the scriptures. It is always the best course. By constant and strict following of the scriptural injunctions, tradition and individuality, one gets all the desires fulfilled, just as all the gems come and join the ocean. The wise called the effort that drives away all sorrows and gets at all joys by the word '*Pourusha*'. This effort strictly and faithfully carrying on the scriptural injunctions is the best means of acquiring the highest end of life. The wise people purifying their mind by means of service to elders reading the holy scriptures, associating with the saintly and hearing sacred words are able to attain the ends of life. The wise shunning the ignorant method of dualism enjoying the joy of equality and oneness realise that it is the end of life. Therefore one must worship the saints and the scriptures which give this joy of equality and oneness always. The past effort which took one to heaven and by his enjoyment there is reduced and comes along with him to this world is called '*Dyva*', God. We do not blame luck, which is a delusion. We blame only those, who giving up self-effort rely upon luck which is created by fools. They are sure to get themselves destroyed. Relying upon the power of self-effort, one can attain good in the two worlds, the here and the hereafter. The bad actions of the past can be turned into good by means of repentance,

and acts of atonement. They give new lustre to man. So one must be a man of self-effort. The power of self-effort easily gives good result. Only the fool leaving aside the direct result in hand deludes himself by luck, which is nothing but false illusion. By the power of your mental activity, which is devoid of all the causes and actions without relying upon the fictitious elusive luck, rely upon self-effort. Purity of heart and knowledge are the famous fruits from times immemorial easily available by the holy scriptures and the practical lives of saintly men who enunciate the duty of self. The strong mental desire to achieve it leads one to constant self-effort, that is called '*Pourusha*'. First one must constantly by means of the power of mind put forth effort, then one must possess the association of the holy scriptures, saintly men and men well-versed in the field. The effort will surely become fruitful. Thoroughly understanding by discrimination the powers of Luck or God versus self-effort, the ancient saints obtained good fruits by self-effort. Therefore following the practical example set by them one can attain knowledge by hearing, meditation etc. May the people deciding self-effort, natural and spontaneous, as the means of achieving the end, by serving the ever joyful saintly scholars and their service as medicine get rid of permanently the great disease of birth and death and enjoy eternal bliss.

7. Establishing the importance of self-effort

Having obtained a body devoid of diseases physical and mental with the least pain one should acquire the knowledge of the self which never necessitates birth and death again. One who tries his best to destroy the idea of Luck or God by self-effort gets his desires fulfilled here as well as hereafter. Those who rely upon Luck or God giving up efforts of all kinds are self-destroyers

and self-enemies. They spoil with their own hands their own ends of life—*Dharma*, *Artha* and *Kama*. Effort to acquire knowledge, endeavour to get the desired end, and attempt to use senses of action for the purpose are the forms of self-effort which give immediate result. The result depends upon the action. As per the desire of the mind, the body moves. This speed in the movement of the body and the limbs gives good results, and the enjoyment of them. The different efforts for obtaining different results even from boyhood are yielding the desired ends. Luck or God is nowhere found. It is only effort that is found in the end. It was only by self-effort that *Brihaspati* became the teacher for the Gods; It is also by self-effort that *Sukra* became the teacher for the demons. Though originally dispirited, poor and sorrow-stricken some good men by constant effort became as powerful as *Indra*. Having obtained innumerable pleasures and riches of heaven, great men like *Nahusha* fell deep down to hell for want of constant effort. Innumerable people passed over very very miserable states of life and perils by means of self-effort. Firm belief in the efficacy of the teaching of the scriptures, the affectionate teaching of an excellent teacher and great self-effort—by these three the desired end is obtained everywhere at all times. It has nothing to do with Luck or God. The essence of all the scriptures is that the mind which is accustomed to going on the inauspicious paths must be turned by great effort towards auspicious and fruitful paths. The great teachers of the world ever taught again and again to do actions with concentrated effort, which are auspicious, always true and devoid of dangers. The greater the effort the greater is the result. Hence it is beyond doubt that I enjoy the pleasures by my self-effort, not by God. Ends are achieved only by the power of effort.

The wise rely upon self-effort to achieve their desires. Only to console fools at the time of sorrows or difficulties, the word God is used. Going from place to place, from country to country and from continent to continent is quite evident that self-effort only is fruitful. The man who is sumptuously fed attains contentment and not the unfed. The going man goes not the sitting man; the speaker speaks not the numb; these prove that only self-effort is capable of giving the desired end. The wise relying upon self-effort are crossing over all the hurdles, miseries and dangers very easily. It is not the case with those who blindly rely upon God and sit quiet. Whoever tries for whatever desire he possesses, he attains that end. The one who sits idle with recklessness gets nothing, by good self-effort good results can be obtained, by evil efforts evil alone results. Whatever you desire, put forth effort for that only. The result obtained by self-effort either immediately or in due course depending upon the time, place and fitness is called *Dyva* or God. *Dyva* or God is not the unseen by the physical eye; it is not the one found in another world; it is the enjoyment in the heaven the result of our good deeds here. Man takes his birth here, grows up here, becomes old here. We see old age, we see the disease. We see the childhood, but we do not see Luck or God like these. The wise called '*Pourusha*' or self-effort is the attempt at realising knowledge. It is that self-effort that gives all the desired ends. Going from place to place, taking objects by hand, and such efforts of the senses and sense-organs, all these are happening by the power of self-effort, not by the power of God. Effort for works of evil effect is nothing but sheer madness. It is of no avail. The association of the saintly and the understanding of the holy scriptures make the intellect keen. Then self-effort gives the

desired ends to the wise. The wise say that the endless joy of equality is the end of life. That can easily be achieved by the constant study of the scriptures bestowing salvation and close association with the wise saintly people. These two should therefore be cultivated. The lake as well as the lotuses in it give mutual glory. In the same way, the keen intellect and the holy scriptures as well as the association of the saintly shed lustre mutually on each other. From boyhood, if the two virtues are cultivated, they form the self-effort, which gives the desired end, salvation. Lord *Vishnu* conquered the demons by means of self-effort and by self-effort alone, he creates and brings up beings but not by the power of God or Luck.

In the world, '*Purushakara*', self-effort is the cause for attaining the desired end. Therefore, make all efforts. Have no doubt whatsoever. Never follow the reptiles of the tree, which stick up to the tree without effort and get themselves ruined along with the tree.

8. Shunning the idea of Luck or God

Luck or God, What is it? We can not say. Though the word is there, it has no form or shape, it has no work, it has no movement and it has no valour. If the actions performed yield results, to say that 'this action gave this result' is called Luck or God. Fools without knowing the truth come to the conclusion that God exists just as the snake exists in the rope. A bad act previously done will change into a good act by a good deed. Thus, previous bad *Karma* can be changed into a present good fruit by good action now. Therefore, try to do good deeds. The fools and the evil-minded who suspect and establish the existence of God will do well to fall in fire trusting that the fire will not

burn them by God's grace. When in the world God is the doer of everything where is the need for individual effort at all? God will make us bathe, give alms and do *japa*. What is the use of the exhortation of the scriptures? Why is it there then? Let God do every thing; let there be no effort at all. There is none except a corpse that does not try. Effort gives result. Luck or God is useless. Man can not write with both hands. He will write only with one. The handless man can not write. God will not write for him. In the world, from the ignorant shepherd to the greatest scholar, none saw God before him like mind and intelligence. Therefore, God has no existence. There are no two things—intelligence and God. Only intelligence there is. If of two people of the same intelligence, one succeeds and the other fails, it is not God that is the cause, of success or failure, but effort and effortlessness. The body can not feel the touch of the sky as it has no body. Two forms or shapes can join together. As God has no shape or form, we can not join hands with him. It is evident by this that there is no God. If you think that God is the director or doer of all things, let the whole world sleep, God will do every thing! 'I am instigated by God and I am doing every thing by His grace. He does every thing.' These are only words of consolation. Really, there is no God. It is fools who created God; the God-minded will perish. The wise became great by individual effort. Please tell me why the heroic, men of valour, the wise and the scholarly should wait for God? If astrologers say of a certain boy 'he will live for long'; if the boy lives even if his head is off; I will agree that there is God. If the astrologers say that a certain man becomes wise and if he really becomes wise without studying, I will accept that God is great. See *Viswamitra* leaving aside God, became great by his self-

effort. He became a brahmin by it only and not by God. We also became saints by self-effort; we are able to fly in air in the sky by means of our self-effort. The demon-kings relied upon self-effort only and conquered the gods, over whom they ruled, and over the three worlds they ruled. The gods also relied upon self-effort at all costs, won over the enemy routing their armies and ruled over them. With great effort earthen pot is made. It carries water with it. It is due to self-effort, not by Luck or God. Maintaining the family, giving and taking alms, occupation of the enemy's lands, acquiring objects of pleasure—all these are possible by self-effort, not by magic spells etc. Dejected by cause and effect, created by self illusion, Luck or God is created. Shun it, rely upon self-effort. Attain all good things of the world and be happy."

9. The pros and cons of karma

Rama asked *Vasishtha* "Sir, you say that there is no God but say again that the past *Karma* is the so called God. Does God really exist? Please clarify." *Vasishtha* said "*Rama*, self-effort does every thing. It reaps the fruits of all actions. There is nothing else which is the doer or enjoyer. God does not do any thing, does not enjoy any thing, seen by none, honoured by none, God is a mere figment of imagination. People call God the actions good or bad fruitful by self-effort. The fruitful-effort is called by the ignorant as God instead of calling it as self-effort. The result of any action in the world is nothing but self-effort, which is called God by people. God has no form, hence it is the height of illusion to think that God has done any thing to any one. The resultant good or bad by man's effort is his luck say the people; that word Luck is called God. If the result of self-effort is achieved, man ignorantly

thinks "I thought so, I decided so, I had this fruit." This is God. God is nothing but a word, the meaning of which is "I got this fruit as per my action of the previous birth."

Rama then asked "What Sir, you say that the result of past action is God but at the same time; You deny the existence of God. What does it mean?" *Vasishtha* replied "*Rama*, hear what I say. You will at once realise that God is a myth. The desires of the mind in the previous birth or the *vasanas* of it increase and change themselves as actions. The actions are nothing but the forms of desires. Actions will never be different from the desires of the mind. They are never otherwise. One who desires to go to the village will go to the village; one who desires to go to the town will go to the town. Thus, man always puts forth effort as per his *vasanas* or desires of the mind. The incessant action with the strongest desire to reap the fruit is called God. All the actions of one are guided by his own *vasanas*. Really the *vasanas* themselves are *karmas*. They are not different from the mind. The mind is not different from the soul. God is nothing but *karma*; the *karma* is nothing but the mind. The mind is nothing but the soul. Therefore, there is nothing other than self-effort; God is a myth. Man attains the results of his actions performed in the form of the mind from his own self, God. *Rama*, the mind, the heart, the desire, the action and the God are nothing but synonyms emanating from the mind, which has no definite view of the difference between the active and the dull or inactive. Man by strong power of imagination so tries and tries that he will get the desired ends. Thus, by self-effort only, all results are achieved and not by Luck or God. May the self-effort be favourable to you."

Rama said "Sir, as per the instigations of the past actions, I am behaving. What can I, the discouraged do?" *Vasishtha* replied "*Rama*, now you can attain eternal bliss by strong self-effort. The *vasanas* are of two kinds, good and bad. You have good *vasanas* to your credit. Being much instigated by them, by their power you can attain salvation. If bad mental desires trouble you, conquer them, by self-effort, root them out and throw them away. You are intelligence personified and all activity personified. You are not the dull inanimate body. You are the real Supreme Being. You need not be submissive to anybody. You say that you are instigated by others; Who are instigating the others? Who are instigating them? them? them? This is wrong. There is no instigator. You are every thing. *Sat, Chit*. The river of *vasanas* flows in two ways—good and bad. If it flows in the bad path, by great effort put it on the right path. By self-effort turn your mind from bad thoughts to good thoughts. Like that of a child; the mind is fickle. If it is turned to the good, it will become good. If you turn it to bad, it turns to bad. Change it by force towards the good. It will be good forever. By self-effort bring back the mind-boy from the wrong path of love and attachment to the right path of Oneness and Self. So far you have good and bad desires of mind; now make only the good very strong. Practice makes the *vasanas* strong. So practice makes one perfect and his efforts fruitful. Hence practise to increase good and auspicious desires of mind. If you say that the bad thoughts have not become strong in you, then they will not become so now. So do not worry. Be happy. Even if you doubt that the desires of the mind will increase and become strong by practice, increase good desires of the mind only as they are never harmful. Whatever you want to become and practise,

that you are sure to become. This is a fact known to every one, from a boy to an old man. You need have no doubt about it. Therefore, by self-effort increase your good *vasanas* and conquer the five senses. Till you perfectly know the Self and keep your mind cool and serene, perform all good deeds as encouraged by the spiritual teacher, the scriptures, the example of eminent men and their experience. Then the boiled lotion of passion and attachment disappears. You will know the reality. With it all your mental ills will disappear. Even the good *vasanas* also disappear.

Therefore follow this method, the most auspicious path followed by the wise of olden times; always increase your good *vasanas*; understand and become the reality. Then the good *vasanas* go on their own will and remain forever in your real state of the *Brahman*."

10. The Descent of knowledge

The reality of the *Brahman* is self-effulgent. It shines everywhere in the form of *Sat*, *Chit* and *Ananda*. All objects shine due to the excellence of this. This is called luck in future happenings. This is the cause and effect of all. The excellence of the Self is called Luck. There is no doubt. Hear me. With self-effort, make the mind, the ever remaining relative, it works for your welfare. If the senses jump up into the chariot of the mind, they fall in the abyss of the pleasures of the world, or the other world, which are quite detrimental to salvation. By self-effort stop them falling into them. Aim at and attain Oneness. I now reveal to you the way to salvation, it is called *Samhita*, of the greatest help, by it one can attain here and the hereafter. It gives knowledge, the essence of life and the cream of philosophy. This *Mokshopaya*, the path to salvation, to attain which

one must give up the *vasanas* of *samsara*, develop broad-mindedness and cultivate completely control of senses and ever joyfulness, to attain which one must discuss and realise the meaning of the two methods of action and knowledge, keep the mind in Oneness and concentrate on the Self which is the destroyer of the pairs of opposites like happiness and unhappiness; it takes one beyond birth and death, making him eternal. If you hear this story of salvation or liberation of the soul from births and deaths along with men of discrimination; you will attain that state of indestructibility and sorrowlessness. The destroyer of all woes and the giver of great peace of mind, this story of salvation was told by the Creator in the beginning of creation."

Rama then asked *Vasishtha* "Sir, Please tell me why, where and whom this was told by *Brahma*, the Creator, and how you came to know of it". *Vasishtha* said "*Rama*, there is one *Atmatattwa*, the reality, the Highest Thing. It is the reason for all endless illusions. It is all-pervading. It is the root of all. It is pure Consciousness. It is shapeless and vast as the sky. It has no decay or destruction. From that pure intelligence which is changeless Lord *Vishnu* was born. He came out of the *nirvikaratattwa* like a wave from the ocean the waters of which are the same with movement or without movement, the *nirvikaratattwa* being the same with or without the working or non-working of the illusion. From the navel-lotus of Lord *Vishnu*, *Brahma* was born. The *Karnika* of the navel-lotus is the *Meru* mountain; the quarters are its petals; the stars are its filaments. The creator the knower of the *Vedas* and their meanings, surrounded by the groups of saints created the beings, like the mind creating ideas or desires. Later *Brahma* created beings full of worries and diseases in the

Bharatavarsha situated in a corner of the *Jumbudweepa*, an island called *Jambu*. The minds of these beings were sorrow-stricken with woes and worries. They were fond of creation and destruction. They were immersed in the ocean of innumerable troubles. *Brahma* took pity upon them just as a father takes pity upon his sons, when they are sorrow-stricken. With too many desires and too short a longevity, they were the objects of pity for the creator. Thinking of doing some good to them, he pondered over the matter. He then created penance, justice, charity, truth, and sacred rivers — the great purifiers. After creating them *Brahma*, the creator of beings said to himself. "People can not get rid of their sorrow by these. The happy state of *Nirvana* can be attained only by knowledge. The only method of salvation for the beings is knowledge of the Self not penance, charity, truth and justice. Now I shall reveal the new and sure method of saving the beings from falling into hell." So thinking, *Brahma*, the lotus-seated created me from his mind just with a thought. Thus being born I approached my father just as a wave joins a wave. Shining with a *Japamala*, garland of beads and *kamandalu*, water-pot saluted my father who was shining with a *Japamala* and *kamandalu*. He said "Come my boy, come" and affectionately accommodated me on the northern-petal of lotus. If the sense made me sit with his own hand. I was, they fall like the moon in the middle of white clouds, or the one swan revealing its ideas to the lotus, he wearing the black deer's skin told me wearing the same dress as he wore "Let your mind as fickle as a monkey be covered with ignorance like the moon with a black spot only for a while." At once cursed by him thus, I forgot my real state, pure and unblemished. Quickly my mind became dull and like a man, poor by

Kamandalu. He said affectionately accommodated of his lotus-seat and made was shining like the moon clouds. Like the swan he wearing the black deer's skin

birth, I began to experience woes and worries. "Alas how did I get this worry of the worldly man?" I used to think and became quite indifferent. Then my father asked me "Son! why are you weeping? Ask me the method of getting rid of this worldly sorrow, hear it from me and be happy." Then seated on the golden lotus petal I asked him, the creator of all the worlds to reveal to me the medicine by which the disease of *samsara* will be cured thus: "Oh Lord-Father! "How is the being entangled in the labyrinth of *samsara*? How can he get rid of it?" Then he revealed to me the highest philosophy, the knowledge of the Soul. Hearing that great knowledge, I became enlightened and found myself in a better know of the eternal truth than even my own father. To me the knower of the highest knowledge and the attainer of the original glorious state, my father said "Boy, to make this knowledge within the reach of all human beings, I cursed you and made you put this question and revealed the truth to you. Your worry vanished, you attained the highest wisdom. Like the impure gold becoming the most pure gold, you now became as wise and as great as I am and the ONE. You now please go to the middle of the Earth to the *Jambu* island and the country *BHARAT* to shower your grace upon the holy people there. Teach those who are interested in action *karmakanda*, the process of action and to those who are interested in knowledge the *Jnanakanda*, the process of knowledge." Thus my father commanded me. I shall remain as long as the generations of human beings remain.

I have no duty or any action to do. I have not even the slightest desire for anything. My mind is calm, cool and contented. With perfect equilibrium

of mind; I do what is to be done by me. I never think that I am doing."

11. The qualities of the Questioner and the replier

"*Rama*! I told you how knowledge came down to earth (The Descent of knowledge to the Earth). I gave you the story of my birth and the action of the creator. As you are the greatest lover, of good your mind is anxious to hear this great knowledge. Lucky you are."

Rama asked *Vasishtha* "The enlightened Sir, after the creation of the worlds, why is it that Lord *Brahma* had the mind to propagate knowledge in this world?" *Vasishtha* replied "*Rama*, Lord *Brahma* was born from *Parabrahma*, the Supreme Consciousness with the natural tendency of the power of action like the wave from the ocean. Lord *Brahma* saw the beings hit by old age and death and thought over again as to the past, present and future of the beings. Heaven and Salvation were the ideals of people of the *Treta* and *Dwapara Yugas*; in the *Kaliyuga* the people are deluded by the illusions. He felt sorry for them. His heart melted and so he created me and sent to earth with the avowed purpose of dispelling the ignorance of people with the great knowledge he taught me. In the same way later, he created and sent to earth *Sanatkumara*, *Narada* and others to uplift the fallen beings due to the illusions of the mind by teaching them action, goodness and knowledge. With the exit of the *Tretayuga*, the pure actions like sacrifices etc., had their exit. The then famous saints to reestablish the process of action, *Karmakanda* and to protect the usefulness of the scriptures divided the country and entrusted the divisions

to the rule of the kings. Later they created and propagated the *Smritis* and methods of performing sacrifices with the sole intention of conferring upon people the fruits of *Dharma*, *Artha*, *Kama* and good deeds. In course of time, people became money-minded and food-minded. The kings fought with each other for riches. Then people became sinful and worthy of punishment. The kings were unable to rule without wars. The rulers as well as the ruled became degraded, dispirited and degenerated. Then it became inevitable for knowers like us to propagate the knowledge of the Self to dispel the ignorance of the rulers and the ruled. As this knowledge was first taught to the kings, it came to be known as *Rajavidya*. It was later taught to others. Knowing this knowledge of the Self; the kings got rid of their woes and sorrows. Later in course of time innumerable kings ruled and died. You are now born as the son of *Dasaratha* and luckily you are endowed with dispassion in your mind unusually without any loss or suffering or penance. Previously the kings got dispassion due to *nirveda*, and other reasons in the beginning itself. It was called *Rajasa*. You possess this dispassion without any cause, so this is called *Sattwika*. It is a wonder to the saints also. Generally terrific events cause dispassion. But to the wise, it is not the case. Discrimination is the very cause for their dispassion. Men of such dispassion alone are the really great; they are the men of the highest wisdom. Their minds are the purest. Dispassion developed by discrimination gives great glow just as the young man with a garland has more glow than before. Analysing by discrimination and attaining the knowledge of the utter transitoriness of *samsararachana*, the creation of the illusion of worldly life and becoming dispassionate make men the highest of men. Pondering over again and again by

means of right discrimination the illusory world outside and inside knowing fully that it is nothing but the magician's art; one must renounce it by force quickly. The burial ground, the perils of life, and dispassion will give dispassion for any body but dispassion without these has greater glory. Your dispassion is natural and uncontaminated and hence you won the highest glory. You are fit for the teaching of knowledge now like the ground made smooth and watery and is fit for sowing seeds. Like the Almighty, Allpowerful Supreme Being showering His grace spontaneously, your pure mind attains discrimination spontaneously and sumptuously. Discrimination develops with actions as per the scriptural injunctions, great penance, long pilgrimages, avowed principles and earnestness. Sin disappears. Then men will naturally develop the faculty of thinking of the divine. Till the attainment of the Highest Bliss and Beatitude, people will be going round the wheel of *samsara* of attachment and egoism with acts of worldly as well as other worldly gains. When they fully realise that this *samsara* has no *sara* or essence whatsoever by the power of great discrimination, then alone they will attain salvation cutting asunder the bonds of *samsara*, like the elephant gets liberated by tearing to pieces the chains or ropes with which it is bound. The path of *samsara* is quite crooked and endless. The great animal man, bound by the ropes of attachment to the body can get rid of it only by knowledge and never otherwise. The great ocean of *samsara* is easily crossed over by means of the boat of knowledge by men of discrimination in a moment. Hence hear this essence of knowledge, which makes you cross over the ocean of *samsara* with concentrated attention, because with the help of this knowledge you can get rid of or destroy the sorrows and fears of the

world that burn you from within arising from desire, anger, avarice, malice etc., as otherwise you will have to succumb to them. *Rama!* the wise are conquering the sorrows of cold, weather, rain and the Sun by means of the power of knowledge alone. The ignorant and the dullwitted are being troubled and tortured always by the sorrows and sufferings of these. They burn men alive like fire burning the dry grass. Knowing fully that which one should know and realising the Self rightly by means of the correct approach one will never be troubled by woes and worries. In the desert sands of *samsara* the whirlwinds of woes and diseases and worries always blow with tremendous speed, but the realised soul stands like a rock or the divine tree firm and unharmed. So the man of discrimination to attain the knowledge of the self must go to the authoritatively realised soul, serve him with salutations etc. and question him with due regard and humility and accept whatever he says with attention and effort. He will thus be benefited and become realised as the cloth gets coloured by drenching in the colour pot. But there can not be a greater fool than one who goes to an unrealised soul, who can not teach knowledge and question him on philosophical matters. Having found an authoritative knower of Self and having questioned him, if one does not implicitly follow him in practice, there can not be a greater fool than him. One must find the authenticity of the person before questioning him and not after and follow him with all earnestness. Such a man is called really wise. Without ascertaining first for himself the good and bad of the person, whom he likes to question, if one questions an ignorant man, he is the real fool who can never realise the Truth. The wise man, considering the pros and cons the fitness or otherwise of the questioner to hear and finding him

to be pure, spotless and capable of retaining what is told must teach to the fully fit. To the animal-natured fool, nothing should be taught. Without knowing the fitness of the questioner, if one teaches an idiot, the wise men call such teacher an idiot. You are the best questioner, full of fitness to put questions; I am the best qualified to answer. Our combination is quite worthy of the great subject of the highest philosophy. Believe implicitly as true all what I say and follow in practice at once. You come of a great family; you are of many virtues; you are quite dispassionate; you know fully the real nature and state of the ordinary people. Therefore whatever I say you can easily grasp just as new cloth grasps colour quickly. In understanding with concentrated attention the great truths and meditate upon them; your mind is quite fit. It can easily enter into the depths of real knowledge like the sunshine entering the waters. Hear what all I say with concentrated attention, with great effort, accept it sincerely and follow it with rigidity; never put silly questions. The mind is a monkey full of fickleness; it roams in the forest of *samsara*. Purify it by all means and efforts and understand the great truths of philosophy. Always be far, far away from the association of the indiscreet, the ignorant, and the bad. Worship the pure, saintly people without fail always. Constant company of the wise results in the dawn of discrimination. Joy and salvation are two fruits of this tree of discrimination, say the wise. There are four gate-keepers at the gates of salvation. They are *sama* (forbearance), *vicharana* (enquiry), *santosha* (joy or contentment) and *sadhusangama*; the association of the saintly. With great effort they must be worshipped and practised. If one can not practise all the four, one must practise three or two because the gates of the king of salvation will be opened by them. If one can not practise three or two, he

must and should practise one atleast without fail even at the cost of his own life, because if one is practised, the rest will follow. The man of discrimination is alone qualified to get at *sastra*, *jnana*, *tapas* and *sruti* (the science of knowledge, knowledge, penance, the holy scriptures) As the Sun is the greatest among the light-giving objects, the man of discrimination is the greatest among the human beings. Just as the water becomes hard ice by means of too much of coldness, the dullness of the idiot becomes a hard nut to crack in course of time. But, *Rama* by your goodness, virtues, and eye on the strict injunctions of the holy scriptures your mind is full of light and life like the fully blossomed lotus after sunrise. Just as the deer will hear the sweet sound of the lute with ears stretched forward, you can happily and usefully hear my words of knowledge. *Rama*, by the glorious practice of dispassion acquire the indestructible riches of equality and goodness. To get rid of the vicious *samsara*, first practise to have belief in the holy scriptures and association of the saintly. Then do penance and control the senses. Then *Prajna*, (intuitive knowledge) increases in you. A study of this science of philosophy with a pure heart will dispel your stupidity completely and quickly. The vicious tree of *samsara* is the place for all dangers. This always deceives the ignorant. Therefore by all-sided effort destroy your own stupidity yourself. If stupidity with the wretched avidity like a crooked serpent catches hold of the heart, the heart will become quite narrow like the skin touched by fire. The absolutely real knowledge shines resplendent plainly and visibly only in the wise like the full moon in the cloudless sky. By fully examining all sides thoroughly, one's mind gains knowledge and that man is called The Great by the wise.

Just as the sky shines bright by the full white Moon, who dispels all darkness, *Rama* you shine resplendent with the pure, wise, virtuous heart full of glory."

12. The glory of the Eternal Truth

"You are endowed with many virtues. You are efficient in questioning as well as learning. Hence I am too glad to tell you the truth. Make your mind pure i.e. devoid of *rajas* and *tamas* (activity and dullness). Keep it on the Self and hear me. You have all the good qualities of a questioner and I have all the qualities of a good answerer, like innumerable gems in the ocean. You have dispassion, the result of discrimination and disassociation with the worldly. With this glory your mind is like the *chandrakanta* stone that became wet by the rays of the Moon. Like the lotus which possesses from the beginning the nice qualities of smell and beauty, you have all good qualities of the great from the beginning. Both of us are like the Moon and the lily. One will never shine without the other. All the attempts and efforts and the views of the world exist till truth is not found out. When it is realised all will disappear. But for the perfect peace of mind resulting from knowledge attained by the saintly, it would have been impossible for them to bear the stupidity of innumerable worries and anxieties. With the attainment of knowledge or the realisation of the Self all qualities and actions of the mind disappear like all the great hills at the time of *pralaya*, dissolution, melt away and dissolve themselves in the great Flood-waters with the hottest rays of many Suns at the same time. *Rama*, the unbearable disease of cholera full of the poison of *samsara* will be cured only by the *garuda* spell of *Yoga*, not otherwise. This spell

is otherwise called *Paramartha jnana mantra*, which can be attained by discussion on the subject scientifically with the wise. With wise philosophical discussions with the saintly, all woes disappear. Have no doubt about it. Hence never look at the thinkers of knowledge with contempt or fun. Just as the serpent leaves aside the white skinlike covering men of discrimination must first leave aside the woes and worries of the mind. Then realising the truth, one must become devoid of all ills of the mind, cool-minded and view the world as the expert magician's show. Those who can not see the reality or have the realisation will experience only sorrow ever. The attachment to the world (*samsararaga*) is very fierce. It bites like a serpent men of egoism and men who never think of the dangers that befall them. It cuts into pieces like a sword; it pierces into the body like a sharp-edged lance; it binds like a rope; it burns like fire; it blinds like the darkest night; it makes quite unconscious like a rock; it spoils the state and function of the mind. It throws one in the abyss of the delusions of the mind; why thousand words, there is no great sorrow which the man who does not suffer from or by his attachment to the world. If proper and immediate medicine is not administered to this *vishayavishoochi* (the cholera of attachment to the objects of the enjoyment of the world) and completely cured, it develops attachment to the bodies of the kith and the kin which are nothing but the storehouses of urine and dung and the hells upon earth. The attachment makes one experience the woes of the worst hell. The sorrows of the hell are-torturing by stones, cutting with sharpened swords, throwing from the mountainous heights, beating with stone, burning with fire, wetting with cold ice, cutting the limbs into pieces, rubbing the bodies against stones like pieces of sandalwood placing

between two wooden planks and tightening them binding hands and feet with burning chains of iron, piercing thorns on the body, showering the rain of arrows burning with fire, spending the hottest summers in burning sands, standing in the coolest waters in the severest winters, cutting off the head from the body, keeping off from sleep, covering off the face, making the limbs topsy turvy by force and abnormal and highly stout bodies compelling one to carry etc. Hence, *Rama*, the machine of worldly life is very fierce with thousands and thousands of troubles and tortures, but one can not get rid of it. One must spiritually enquire and analyse its qualities by scientific discussion. Think over it and derive the benefit from it. See, *Rama* the saints, sages and seers, the hermits, the brahmins, the saintly kings are unfit to suffer but suffer very gladly the woes of worldly life and remain forever contented and completely satisfied. How? In this way. The pure-hearted men with the light of the Self remain unaffected just as the gods, the creator, the sustainer and the destroyer remain in the *samsara* without desire and without disturbances.

With the destruction of delusions, if the great clouds of knowledge appear, one can attain the state of blessedness realising the Self. Then the worldly woes and worries will not harm him but will be play-things for him. They will not be gruesome. Moreover, the realisation of the Self, which is nothing but eternal life gives all serenity, sanctity and sublimity. All the activities of the mind subside in the ocean of peace. With the drinking to the brim the juice of knowledge or Self-realisation, the mind gains oneness, sameness and equality. In that stage the knower takes the world's play in the sportsman spirit joyfully.

Again, the body like the trunk of a tree, quite inanimate can be compared to a chariot. The movement of the senses or organs is its movement. It is moving by the life-wind (*pranavayu*). The mind is its rope. Its destination is *aananda*, eternal joy. Though the occupier of the chariot is mean, at the time of *samadhi*, meditation, if he is blessed with the aid of a pure heart and the realisation of the Self, to him the world affairs are nothing but playthings, happy playthings.

13. The determination of sama, tranquillity

The wise realising the Self and attaining the highest bliss remain happy as if they are blessed with a kingdom. They never grieve for any happening, they never desire anything, they never contemplate either good or bad, they perform all the rites enjoined by the Scriptures and never perform rites which the scriptures strictly prohibit. They always live pure; what all they do is only for the good of all humanity; they always follow the path of righteousness, they never entertain the idea 'I like this, I do not like this'. They always live in the Self only. They will not intend coming and going; they go on on their own accord. Whatever they do or talk or think is motivated by no desire whatsoever. With the realisation of the Self or the attainment of the highest bliss, all actions, all views cease, all likes, dislikes and attachments subside. Completely renouncing all desires, they keep their mind in tranquillity attained by self-knowledge and enjoy peace like the gods living in the world of the Moon. Unfortunately in our present state of deep immersion in the pleasures of the flesh, we can not understand the glory of the pleasure of Self-realisation devoid of the desire for the pleasures of the flesh and eagerness to enjoy such mean pleasures, just as we can not understand the taste

of the nectar in the Moon. The realiser of the Self will never show black magic, never run after the desires of the mind; by completely destroying the childish fickle-mindedness shines resplendent in his original state of blissful blessedness. The state of everblessedness is the result of Self-realisation or the attainment of salvation here and now itself and never otherwise. Therefore man throughout life with a spirit of deep enquiry and great discrimination must try for Self-realisation, do worshipful meditation and concentration and realise it. He should never think of anything else. One who gains experience by constant practice, referring to the Scriptures and implicitly obeying the instructions of the spiritual teacher, gains Self-knowledge. He will never experience hardships like the one who blames the holy Scriptures and insults the saintly people. The worldly physical woes and worries, troubles and turmoils and tortures are not as harmful as the ignorance of man. Men whose minds are polished atleast to some extent by purity and serenity will get rid of the ignorance which they possess from long by reading this book. To them other books are not as useful as this book. Those who want to realise God must read this book completely as this is a feast to the ears, full of appropriate examples, the giver of the bliss of the Self and one that is approved by the Scriptures. Just as the thorns come out of the *Khadir* tree, all the dangers, that can not be avoided, that are mean and born of bad reasons come out of stupidity. It is always better to lead the life of a beggar with a begging bowl in hand in the streets of the *pariahs* rather than lead the life of a stupid. It is better to live alone either in a dark well or the hole of a big tree as a worm than to lead the life of a stupid, full of sorrow. If the people are blessed with the light of knowledge by reading this

book, the *Mokshopaya*, their eyes will never become blind by the darkness of ignorance. So long as the sacred light of the Sun of discrimination does not shine, avidity or *trishna* makes the lotuses of men close the petals and never allows the lotuses fully blossom. Cut off the ropes of *samsara* that bind you; with the help of the well-wishers like me, the spiritual teacher and the holy scriptures; be a *jivanmukta*, the attainer of self realisation while still alive and live like *Hari*, *Hara* and the *Sages*. This *samsara* is the place for unlimited sorrows and unhappiness, hence never let your mind hanker after the pleasures of the world. The man of wisdom must ever try to attain beatitude endless and eternal. The best of men, always keeping eternal salvation as their goal keep off the fever of desire, lust etc., are called *Purushottamas*, who surely attain *Purusharthasiddhi* or *Moksha*. Those who are immersed in the pleasures of kingship and that of women and food are blind frogs. Those who are bent upon doing wicked unholy and sinful deeds, those who treat such great enemies as friends and those who are blind with lust and thirst for women and wine etc., being friendly with the wretched pleasure-mongers go to hell after hell, fear after fear, sorrow after sorrow full of illusions and delusions. The stages of happiness and unhappiness are mutually destructive; they are like lightning and darkness, quite ephemeral. They can not give eternal joy. People like you who are wise and dispassionate attain both pleasures as well as *Moksha*; such people like you deserve our salutations. With the great wealth of discrimination and the glory of dispassion one can easily cross over the river of *samsara*, which is the greatest danger to all. It is no good to the man of discrimination and knowledge to sleep in the illusion of *samsara* without hastening to attain salvation. Having

fallen in this *samsara*, one who does not try to get out of it sincerely at once is like the one, who sleeps on a bed of dry grass in a burning house. The state of beatitude, from which there will be no return and which is devoid of sorrow of any kind is attained only by knowledge and not otherwise. There is absolutely no doubt about it. If you say that there is no such a state of blessedness even then there is no harm in trying to acquire it; if there is, you will attain it.

If by the grace of God, one acquires the holy scriptures and the saintly teacher and investigates and pursues the path of salvation, he is then called *Moksha-bhaagi*, the seeker after *Truth*. There is neither a greater nor a higher happiness than the happiness of salvation, free from dangers; illusions, delusions and doubts. The happiness of the sense organs and that of heaven will never be equal to this eternal happiness. The sincere seeker after truth is sure to get salvation without any difficulty whatsoever. Neither money, relatives, friends, performance of rites or actions pilgrimage to different holy places, life in those places, fastings that cause the body to weaken nor any such things as these can be of any use to acquire salvation. It can be attained only by hearing, contemplating and concentrating self-effort of the mind immersing itself in Self. The state of blessedness can be attained only by discriminate, reflective determination. It is beyond the reach of the body, the senses etc. So, one must give up completely the senses and their pleasures. One can sit in his own house and his own room in any convenient posture; contemplate on it in meditative mood and acquire it. When once it is acquired, he will have no rebirth. The wise saintly people know fully well that this state is the most supreme place of

happiness, with no equal. It is indestructible and immortal. All things are perishable; there is absolutely no happiness either in heaven or hell or on earth, as there will be no water in the mirage. So, by means of self-control and satisfaction think of conquering the mind. The conquest of it leads to endless, the only one, happiness. Whether one sits still or goes about, falls or gets deluded; whether it is the human being, the divine being, or a devilish being, he can attain this state with no physical suffering, provided that he acquires peace of mind. That happiness is the fruit of the tree of discrimination along with the blossomed flowers of the equilibrium of mind. One who attains this state, the state of eternal salvation has his mind always at peace, pure, devoid of delusions, effort or desire. He neither desires nor dejects anything. Though he does actions, he will not reap their fruit. Like the Sun in the sky he neither desires nor dejects anything. I will tell you about the four gate-keepers at the gate of *Moksha*, salvation. You can enter into it by having any one of them. The desert sands of *samsara* spreading far and wide very heated by the unquenching thirst for worldly pleasures becomes cool by the rays of the moon of tranquillity of mind, called *Sama*. *Sama* gives all good, it is itself salvation; it is auspicious; it is peace and it is the destroyer of delusion. One who possesses it is ever satisfied, ever peaceful and ever sacred. Even his enemies will become his friends. Those who are decorated with the moon of *sama* attain all purity and sacredness like those who take a full bath in the ocean of milk. Those, in the lotus-like heart of whom the lotus of *Sama* fully blossoms, who are blessed with the two lotuses are equal to Lord *Vishnu*, in splendour. In the spotless moonlike face of whom the goddess of *Sama* shines, they are the moons to the ocean of their families

and they deserve all our praise. Their beauty easily conquers the beauty of the moon. The joy that is given by the royal riches is not equal to the joy that *Sama* gives. All the riches of all the worlds are not equal to that joy. All sorrows, mental worries and the incurable mental diseases—all these disappear in the mind of the man of tranquillity like fog which disappears with the appearance of the Sun. The minds of all get joy with their sense organs, but that joy is nothing before the joy of *Sama*. Even the coolness of the moon can not stand in comparison with this joy. The Supreme Being reflects himself in the mind and the heart of one who is endowed with *Sama* and the sense of equality and goodness. All the beings soft-hearted or hard-hearted, the good or the bad believe and trust the man of tranquillity like one who trusts his own mother. The happiness that is derived by tranquillity is by far superior to that of *Indra* or *Vishnu*. *Rama*! cool down your mind with the sprinkling of the nectar of tranquillity as it is confused with innumerable woes and worries and dragged by the ropes of *trishna*, avidity. All the acts and understanding of the mind cooled down by *Sama* will be sweet and smooth, unlike the others. The mind immersed in tranquillity's nectar enjoys the highest bliss; even if the small parts of it are cut off, they will sprout quickly. It is immortal and endless. The man of *Sama* is never hated even by the ghosts, the demons, the gods, the enemies, the serpents and tigers. One who wears the embrosial shield of *Sama*, which covers all the limbs, is never tormented by woes and worries. The man of tranquillity who possesses a cool mind, pure and of oneness shines resplendent many times more than the king in the harem. People attain more peace and joy when they find a man of *Sama* than when they find a friend more dear than their life itself. One who shows *Sama* in

practical life winning world praise for his saintliness is the real man. It is only his life that is fruitful, holy and grand. The lives of others are shere waste. All the beings without exception congratulate and praise the actions and behaviour of the man of humility and tranquillity. He is called the man of tranquillity who does not feel joy or sorrow hearing, touching, seeing, bathing and eating. He is called the man of tranquillity who looks at all the beings equally, who conquers his senses ever with great effort, who does not anticipate future happiness and who does not reject the unexpected gains. He is called the man of tranquillity who fully knowing the defects of others will not find fault with them, who is pure internally and externally and who performs deeds only to attain salvation.

He is called the man of tranquillity who though staying does not stay; He is neither angry upon any body nor is he pleased with anybody and who is always at ease like a sleeping man. He is called the man of tranquillity whose mind remains calm equally at the time of death, at the time of festivity and at the time of war, like the full Moon. He is called the man of tranquillity whose eyes fall with equal joy on all like the stream of nectar. He is called the man of tranquillity whose mind is always cool and who though immersed in the day-to-day affairs of the world will not have attachment whatsoever with anybody. He is called the man of tranquillity who even at the worst dangers or at the time of All Destruction, the end of creation does not attach himself to the body. He is called the man of tranquillity, who though attending to the family affairs keeps off his mind from any attachment and which remains as pure as the sky. Among the high penance-doer, the knower of many things, the performer of many sacrifices, the

king, the strong man and the virtuous man, the man of tranquillity of mind alone shines more resplendent than anybody else. Out flows from the man of a tranquil mind, virtuous behaviour and praiseworthy personality the eternal joy of the Self like the moonshine from the Moon. Tranquillity of mind, the crest jewel to the highest virtue self-effort, saves one or makes one shine even at the most critical times and at the most fierce states of life. The nectar of *Sama*, tranquillity of mind can not be stolen by any one; it is kept safe by the ancient wise; if one gets it he may be treated as one who attained salvation. Therefore, *Rama*, acquire it and get your final desire fulfilled."

14. The Glory of Reflection

"The seeker after truth, the knower of cause and effect, with pure and calm mind attained by strictly following the scriptural injunctions must be thinking of the Self always. That constant thinking is called reflection, *Vichaara*. *Vichaara* makes the brain sharpened. A sharpened brain attains salvation quick. To the chronic disease of *samsara* the best patent medicine is *vichaara*, reflection. The forest of dangers of endless desires and the ever increasing sprouts of attachment must be cut off with the hand-saw of reflection and then it will never sprout again.

At the time of the death of relatives, at critical moments and even on the happy occasions, illusions and delusions surround man. At such times, reflection, the thought that every thing is transient and no sorrow will be of any avail, comes to his rescue. Except reflection, there is no other go to the scholars. The wise attain good by reflection and renunciation of the bad. The wise by the power of reflection only, attain strength,

brain, lustre, tactful recollection, and good acts with benefit. Reflection is the light of showing the good and the bad; it is the means by which the desired end can be attained; by following the essence of reflection, one can easily cross over the ocean of *samsara*. The lion of reflection, strong and pure, tears into pieces the elephant, the great delusion living in the mind destroying the lotus of discrimination. Unable to find out the easy path of crossing over the ocean of *samsara*, fools remain long without attaining salvation because the light of reflection does not shine in them. Kingdoms, riches, pleasures, and eternal salvation—all these are the fruits of reflection only. The reflective and the discriminative mind will never submerge in the waters of dangers like the dry *Tumbaka* nut will not submerge in deep waters. Those who possess a reflective mind and do actions prompted by it will reap the best fruits of this life here and that life hereafter. The efforts that cause endless sorrows are the poisonous creepers that spread far and wide in the forest of the hearts of fools and cause the destruction of the tree of salvation, just as the *karanja* creepers, a kind of useless plants spread and cover the path of smooth-going. I strongly wish the destruction of your dull sleep, that is very greasy like the eye-paint and hence dirty, intoxicating like liquor and devoid of any reflection. The wise man of great reflection will not always immerse himself in dead delusion that causes the dangers of senses just as the Sun, the fountain of light will never drown himself in darkness. One in the lake of whose mind the lotus of reflection fully blossoms, shines bright like the great mountain of snow, the Himalaya. In the mind of the fool whose brain is dull and devoid of reflection, due to delusion thunders fall from the Moon himself, like the devil in the mind of the child. The man who is devoid

of discrimination and reflection is the box in which the seeds of sorrows are kept; he is the Spring season to the creepers of dangers. Keep him far far away from you. When there is darkness, there is the appearance of the devil. The absence of the faculty of reflection brings forth evil efforts, evil deeds, mental weaknesses and all woes. The indiscriminate and the unreflective man is useless like the tree in the wilderness for good deeds. Leave him at once. Remaining in loneliness, reflective and full of desirelessness, the mind gives the highest bliss like the full Moon bright in the sky without clouds. The presence of the man of reflection and wisdom keeps every thing cool and pure like the full Moon shining resplendent in the clear sky. Reflection shines bright in men; it is the flag of *paramartha*, the highest end of life; it is the white umbrella that decorates a clever mind. Men of reflection and the dispellers of the fear of life shine bright in all the quarters of the earth like the Sun. The child at dead of night fears its own creation of the ghost, shudders and dies too sometimes; but by reflection the ghost vanishes and the child will be happy. In the same way, reflection drives away the fear of life and makes it joyful. All the objects of the world appear to be real and givers of happiness but the moment one reflects upon the lie of them and the happiness therefrom, all objects appear to be the givers of sorrow. The ghost of *samsara* is created by the delusion of the mind of man; it gives great sorrow. By reflection, the ghost disappears. Know that salvation is the fruit of the tree of reflection and that it is free from hatred, full of happiness, endless and endlessly happy. The Moonrise gives coolness. By the attainment of salvation through reflection, one will gain desirelessness, which is eternal, the highest and the form of the real bliss. If one becomes a *siddha*,

one who attains the unattainable, by the medicine of reflection quite ready in himself capable of giving the best, he desires nothing and hates nothing. If the mind is attached to the *Brahman*, all the *vasanas* will disappear. After one becomes one with the *Brahman* like the sky he will have no raise or set. Then the man of such attainment will begin to observe the wide wide world like a witness. Accepting nothing, enjoining nothing he remains tranquil. Then he will not remain in or out. He will not experience any sorrow of any kind. He does not perform acts nor does he try to be desireless. He will not grieve over loss; he follows what follows him. He will not grieve or enjoy. He remains calm like the full sea. Thus great men, who attain salvation while alive roam in the world with minds full of satisfaction control and calmness. Courageous they roam about for long in the world as they please and later, leaving the body aside, they will become inseparable from the self. The wise man even at the time of perils must reflect on himself as to what he is and whose the *samsara* is and must with great effort answer himself and attain knowledge. Even the great emperor at critical times to clear off his own doubt will ask himself: 'Is it fruitful or futile?' and decides after reflection and not otherwise. With the help of the light, we see the ground etc. in thick darkness. In the same way, by reflection alone we will understand and realise the great tenets of the holy scriptures and decide for ourselves what the reason for existence is. The beautiful eye of reflection will never be blinded by darkness; it will never lose its glorious lustre; it can see the distant object clearly. It has no defect whatsoever which the ordinary eye possesses. The really blind is one who is devoid of reflection and discrimination, not the born blind. Miserable is the state of the blind of reflection. The man

of reflection and discrimination succeeds in every thing; driving away all dangers, he will attain salvation. Reflection is very beautiful; it gives the greatest joy called *paramatma*. Hence reflection is to be always honoured, never to be looked down upon, and rejected even for a second. Even the wisest and the greatest relish the man of reflection just as the ripest and the sweetest mango is liked by all. Men of reflection and discrimination and realisation will never fall in the pits of perils and sorrows, every now and then. The man who is devoid of reflection is the killer of the self. The fool undergoes horrible pain in life after life, it is more horrible than the pain of deep wounds of keen edged arrows or the agony of drinking the most dangerous poison. Instead of being born as a man of no reflection, it is better to be born as a frog in the mud, the worm in the filth and the serpent in the darkest cave. The state of reflectionlessness is the dwelling place for all dangers, the place hated and condemned by all the wise and saintly men as the worst place of sorrows. It should be avoided by all means. The great man must always be reflective and discriminate. If one falls in the abyss of the pairs of opposites, reflection alone will help him and none else. Acquiring the power of reflection, realising and confirming self completely, one must make the deer of mind cross over the ocean of *samsara*, of great delusion. "Who am I? How did this pollution of *samsara* come to me?" thus one must review and reflect according to the principles of the holy scriptures and great views. This is called reflection. The heart of a man who is devoid of reflection is a stone heart. It is more blind than the born-blind. Such a heart becoming harder and harder by delusion gives more sorrows. There is no other go except reflection to those who realise the truth and reject the untruth. To

get at the truth completely, the wise take recourse to reflection. Realisation of the self comes from reflection. Realisation gives rest for the soul. It gives peace of mind. This peace of mind drives away all sorrows.

In the whole world with clear and correct reflection people attain fruits of their efforts and reach the zenith of their glory. Therefore *Rama*! you are full of tranquillity. To you reflection now will bring more glory. Therefore, be reflective and be benefited."

15. The Glory of Everjoyfulness in Life

*Santosh*a, everjoyfulness is the highest acquisition. It is happiness. It is only the man of ever-joyfulness that attains salvation, the highest rest. The wealth of everjoyfulness is the highest happiness. The mind of one who attains it rests forever. To such peaceful men even emperorship is a piece of dry straw. The man who possesses the mind of everjoyfulness will not at all worry with the troubles and turmoils of life. He will neither be elated nor depressed at joys or sorrows. To one who drinks the cup of everjoyfulness full to the brim, to one who is ever peaceful and contented, the pleasures and enjoyments incomparable are quite unsavoury like poison. The happiness of everjoyfulness that destroys all sorrows can not be got even by the sweetest nectar, the heavenly embrosia. That man is called everjoyful who never desires the unattained, who does not lose his balance of mind by the achieved ends and who never gets ruffled by the future good or bad. Till the mind is satisfied with itself, never desiring other things for its satisfaction, from the cave of the mind, the creepers of dangers will be coming out. The mind that is cooled down by everjoyfulness becomes quite enlightened by pure knowledge like the lotus

fully blossoming by the rays of the Sun. If the Sun of everjoyfulness shines bright, the lotuses of men will never close the petals during the dark nights of ignorance. The mind confused by avidity, devoid of everjoyfulness will not allow knowledge to reflect just as the unclean dirty mirror will not allow the face to reflect in it. The mind of everjoyfulness forbids all woes and worries entering it. One who possesses that mind of everjoyfulness enjoys the glory of an emperor though he is a beggar. He is called everjoyful who does not desire the objects which he did not possess, who enjoys those that he gets on their own accord and who possesses good and noble character. On the face of the *mahatma* great soul of pure heart, who is everjoyful and ever contented fully, the goddess of wealth *Lakshmi* always resides. By acquiring this everjoyfulness quite unparalleled and by the power of self-effort, one must drive away *trishna*, avidity far far away. The cool and serene mind of one which is full of the nectar of everjoyfulness gets itself strengthened by its own power and becomes firm. Just as the attendants follow the king, all riches follow the man of everjoyfulness like servants. Just as dust subsides itself during the rainy season, in the man who is everjoyful and contented all woes and worries evaporate themselves. The man of blameless, cool, pure and noble mind shines bright like the full moon. The gladness of looking at the beautiful face of a man who looks at all equally and who is everjoyful can not be attained by possessing huge heaps of money.

To the pure hearted soul, who is endowed with equality towards all, a quality which the virtuous try to acquire, even gods and great saints bend their heads in reverence and salute."

16. Nobility of character

(Association with the Saintly)

One of the most useful things that always helps man in crossing over the ocean of *samsara* is the association of the saintly people. The flower of discrimination of the tree of the association of the saintly is to be preserved at all costs. Those great souls who do it will have the fruit of salvation. The association of saintly people makes a desolate place full of people; it turns death into a festival and the dangers turn out to be riches. Glory to the association of the saintly which is the fog to the lotuses of dangers; the blow of wind to the fog of delusion and the greatest thing in all the worlds. By the association of the saintly intelligence increases; the tree of ignorance is cut down and the worries of the mind get ruined. Watering of the flower garden gives bunches of flowers; in the same way, by the good association of the saintly, the light of discrimination flourishes. The riches got by the association of the saintly bestow joy devoid of dangers, and pains ever-increasing. Even if one is in troubles and is restless, he should not give up the association of the saintly even for a second in the world. The association of the saintly remains forever as the light showing only the right path; it is the destroyer of the ignorance of the heart and it finally turns out as the ray of the Sun of knowledge. The association of the saintly is like the waters of the Ganges. A bath in them purifies the mind and gives peace. One who has that bath, needs no more of holy places, penance, charity and sacrifices. If they are saintly people who are devoid of passion, doubt and misunderstanding, then there is no need of pilgrimages and penances, to them. Just as the poor man looks at diamonds and gems craving intensely for them, we must look at with worshipfull reverence the saintly people

by great effort who are men of peace of mind and who attained the unattainable. Just as goddess *Lakshmi* with the association of the saintly *Mahavishnu* became the greatest of the goddesses, the mind of the wise with the beauty of the association of the saintly ever shines as the brightest. One who never leaves the good association of the great saintly makes godhead the crest jewel of his head and becomes famous by calm reflection. The saintly people are free from bondage, they are praised and accepted by all and sundry. They must be worshipped by all means always because they are the paths through which we can attain salvation. The saintly people are the raining clouds extinguishing the fire of hell. Those who look at them with disregard are sure to become the dry sticks to the fire of hell. The vicious and vicarious diseases of the senses like poverty, death and sorrows etc., will be completely cured by the medicine of the association of the saintly. Everjoyfulness, association of the saintly, reflection, and tranquillity are the means by which men can cross over the ocean of *samsara*. Everjoyfulness is the best profit; the association of the saintly is the best saviour; reflection with discrimination is the highest knowledge; tranquillity is the highest happiness. Those who cultivate the four devices which are pure and useful alone are able to cross over the ocean of *samsara*. The practice of one of the four is the practice of all the four. From one the other three will follow. Therefore to achieve every thing here or hereafter, cultivate any one at once. Just as the ships with the cargo reach their destination in the sea, everjoyfulness, reflection and the association of the saintly slowly come and join the man who becomes pure by tranquillity. All kinds of wealth come and join one who sits under the shades of the *kalpavriksha*, the desire-yielding divine

tree. In the same way the wealth of knowledge comes to those who possess the four qualities-everjoyfulness, reflection, association of the saintly and tranquillity. Just as the qualities of beauty etc., come and join the full Moon, the virtues of the highest type come and join one who is endowed with the above four qualities. Just as the goddess of success courts the king who is full with deep thought and good advice of the ministers, the goddess of victory courts the man who is endowed with the above four qualities. Therefore *Rama* by constant effort, conquer the mind and try to acquire any one of the qualities mentioned above. Till one controls and conquers the turbulent elephant-like mind by the highest effort and practises any one of the four qualities, there is no salvation. Stop not your all-out effort till you acquire atleast any one of the qualities by constant self-effort. Whether you are an angel, the sky-roamer, man or even a tree, there is no salvation if you do not acquire the qualities. If of the four even if a single quality bears fruit by gaining strength, all the defects of your fickle mind will at once vanish. If you increase your virtues, more virtues, very capable of destroying all defects will increase; If you increase your defects, all defects that will decrease your virtues will increase. In the mind's delusory forest the river of *vasanas* speedily flows over the *jivas* always. It has two shores, good and bad (or auspicious and inauspicious). They are big. What shore you prefer, to that shore you can quickly go with sincere and great self-effort. Now do as you please.

By the force of self-effort in the forest of the mind let the stream of *vasanas* take you to the happy auspicious shore. Then you will not have the great danger of reaching the opposite shore.

17. General plan of Yogavasistha

Rama, one who is thus blessed with inner discrimination alone is qualified to hear these great words of wisdom. Others are unfit just as the king alone is qualified to hear the *Rajaneetisastra*, moral and political code of laws and not the others. Just as the cloudless clear sky is fit to possess the beautiful moon, the man of purity, of great ideas, devoid of bad company alone is qualified to possess reflective discrimination. You are endowed with these virtues. Hence I will teach words of wisdom which drive away the delusion of the mind. He only likes to hear these great words of salvation; whose desire-yielding tree (*kalpavriksha*) of great heap of good (*punya*) is bent with innumerable fruits of virtues. Only the man of such virtues is fit to hear these pure, sacred, dignified and knowledge-imparting words and not others. In this great and sacred book the way to the highest salvation is clearly described. One who knows it attains salvation. It is in 32000 *slokas*, verses. If the bright light is before, whether the sleeper wishes it or not, it sheds light. In the same way whether one who reads this book desires it or not will surely and easily attain salvation. Whether one reads it with attention and understands aright by himself or hears when others describe, it dispels all delusions and confers purity and indescribable happiness, like the very sacred Ganges. If the rope is clearly understood as rope, the delusion that it is a serpent will vanish. In the same way, if this book is wisely read and clearly understood the delusion of the sorrow of *samsara* will vanish. This book has six chapters which consist of appropriate and useful sentences full of meaning, the best examples and stories, the best words of wisdom and great aphorisms pregnant with glory.

The first chapter is called *Vairagya Prakarana* (Dispassion). If this is read, dispassion increases just as constant pouring of water even in sandy deserts will bring forth many plants. (It has an appendix; it teaches the truth of time). The number of *slokas* in this chapter is 1500. By rubbing the gem on the touchstone, the dirt will vanish; in the same way, if this chapter is read and meditated upon, the filth of the mind born of ignorance will vanish. The second is the *Mumukshuvyavahara Prakarana*. There are 1000 *slokas* in this chapter. It is a beautiful chapter with good argumentation. The nature of *mumukshus*, seekers of truth is described here. The third is *Utpatti Prakarana*. It has varied examples and stories. The *slokas* are 7000. They are all full of knowledge and culture. In this chapter the differences from the *Seer (Drashta)* and the *Drisya* (objects seen) in the form of 'I' 'You' and 'He', the difference between the seer and the objects seen is really non-existent but it appears to exist, it is told. If this chapter is read or heard, one will realise that 'I', 'You' the *Brahmandas*, the worlds, with the sky, animate and inanimate objects, mountains etc., have no form or shape or existence. They are all without beings etc. One realises that the *samsara* is nothing but an imaginary kingdom. One realises this *samsara* as false, non-existent like an object found in a dream; it is only existent by name but not in reality, delusive like the mirage, senseless and mean like the town of the *Gandharvas*, delusion like the duality of the moon to the one who suffers from the eye-disease; and is created by the delusion like the creation of the ghost to frighten the child, and like the false impression of water in a mirage it is false. When one sails in a boat, he feels that he is not moving but the trees and the hills move on. In the same way, this fictitious *samsara* is devoid

of truth and profit. Like the delusion-created ghost, it appears though not real. Like the existence of the personalities in a fiction, the false appearance of the garland of pearls in the sky, the different jewels in gold, the many waves in the water, the blueness in the sky though not real but false appear to the naked eye. Like a picture in a dream or in the sky without either the colour, the canvas or the wall anywhere or the painter of it, like the fire in the picture, the world is not real but appears wrongly to be so. This is like mistaking the waves as lilies, imagining the once seen dance like the creation of a lake in the skies with the noise of the *chakravaka* birds, the creation of this *samsara* is really false. This is the gist of the *Utpatti Prakarana*. Then one realises that the *samsara* is full of delusion like the mind of one who is caught in the jaws of death, full of darkness like the cave of a mountain, a fierce vacuum and a mad dance in the dark mountain-cave alone. Then one realises that like the picture of a living man painted on a wall or a pole the world has individuality. Finally one realises that the *samsara* is nothing but *Brahman* uncontaminated by the fog of ignorance and is full of knowledge and the pure sky in the moony season, by virtue of his seeing the truth.

The forth chapter is *Sthiti Prakarana* in 3000 *slokas*. In it the reality of *Brahman* is well commented in detail. There are many stories here also. It says that the world exists in the form of egoism and continues. In this chapter is described the nature of the seer and the objects seen. It describes the world of delusion, how it spreads to the ten quarters and how it increases.

The fifth chapter containing 5000 verses is *Upasama Prakarana*. It is sacred and beautiful with a

good number of varied arguments. In it is described how the delusions '*the world*', '*I*', '*HE*' and '*YOU*' are destroyed. If this chapter is read or heard one will realise that *samsara* is a vague form of the decaying picture of the army on march appearing only a bit. Then only one part out of hundred parts of delusion remains. That makes one grow angry on the army; another creating an empire in his mind feels for its loss; another weeps for the non-attainment of an unattainable object; another waging war in a dream against his enemy balls out; whether the delusion is small or great, whether it is a dream or an imaginary one it has no reality, it is only false. The fierce thunderlike sound of the imaginary thick mental clouds, the town that is built by imagination in a dream that is completely forgotten, the description of the beauty of the lady who is barren in the pleasure-garden of the town to be constructed in future being ready to deliver, the experience of the practical meaning of the story that is yet to be told by a dumb man, the wall containing the unpainted picture appearing in the picture, the town that goes away from the imagination of the brainless, the movement of the future forest, which remains alike in all the seasons, the spring season to the forest of imagination coming on its own accord - *samsara* appears like these, imagined or created falsely. To some the world appears to be beautiful with waves in the inner waters of a famous river.

The sixth and the last is *Nirvana Prakarana* containing 14500 verses or *slokas*. This chapter gives the greatest wealth of knowledge. This destroys all the false creations and confers *Nirvana*, the highest beatitude.

Then one will establish himself in the *Atman* firmly which is the state of no subject to think, which

is self-effulgent, full of knowledge and devoid of all diseases. All delusions of *samsara* will vanish. He will be purity himself like the sky. His journey in the world culminates in Self-Dissolution, complete by all means. He becomes eternal and immortal. Like the pillar made up of gems and rubies becoming the centre of the worlds reflected in it, the actions of the worlds, in the same way, the one who attained *nirvana* becomes full, pure and will be the centre of all the worlds and their actions. He is contentment personified as if he is the devourer of all the worlds. His mind and the pleasures of the external senses become *Chidakasa*, endless joyful Self. He then neither rejects nor accepts the actions, causes of actions and subjectivity. Though with body, he becomes bodiless and though a man of the world he will cease to be so.

Like the hardest stone, he becomes impenetrable. He attains the full state of immersion in everjoyfulness. He is the eternal Sun who makes the worlds shine, as he is *Jyotirmaya*, full of lustre. As the objects of seeing disappear, he becomes *Black-Rock-like*, does not see, talk, walk or move. He is rid of the false dangerous disease of worldly life; the devil of egoism completely leaves him. Though he possesses the body, he is not body-conscious. Like the wasp living in a certain flower of a tree in the *Meru* mountain, like the end of a hair of his own, the world stands by an *iota* of ignorance that can be destroyed at will. He can see creating in his heart's *Chidakasa* thousands thousands and thousands of worlds in a particular and the smallest atom.

Paramatma is the heart of the *Jivanmukta*. The *Jivanmukta* is greater than crores of *Hari*, *Hara* and *Brahmas*. He is the *Supreme Bliss* and *Power*. The all-comprehensive expansion of the *Atma* is in his hart.

18. The Special merits of Yogavasishtha

If an excellent seed of a tree is sown at the appropriate time and place and manner, it is sure to give good fruit. In the same way, if this book is read or heard by and to an appropriate man at the appropriate time in an appropriate manner, one is sure to attain knowledge. The book that is full of arguments, the book that is capable of imparting knowledge, even if it is written by man must be read; if it is not, even if it is taught by Gods, it is to be rejected. It is always better to follow the path that is just and fair. One must pay heed even to the words of a boy if they are full of good arguments; if they are not, even if they are the words of one who is born in the lotus (*Brahma*) should be rejected as pieces of straw. If one rejects the sweet waters of the sacred *Ganges* and goes in search of the water of the well dug by his father and drinks it, who can teach him? With the entrance of the dawn, light spreads without fail. Thus, with a reading of this book one is sure to get *viveka*, discrimination. Hearing from the mouth of a wise man, contemplating on what is heard, one acquires good culture with which he gets great power of speech appreciated by the audience. That speech is like a creeper, pure and fair. By it, one gets the skill of the highest kind and by it, one will win over the friendship and favour of the kings and the scholars. With a lamp in hand, one can see every thing in the house during the night. In the same way, if one studies this book aright, one can understand the pros and cons and the truth of all things in the world of illusion, and become wise. With the beginning of the *saratkala*, the moony season, the fog on all the four quarters begins to disappear. Thus with the influence of the study of this

book, the mental defects like delusion miserliness etc., the defects of the mind will begin to disappear. The practice of *viveka*, discrimination alone is necessary to your mind, because any action without that practice can not give good result. With the study of this book, the mind becomes calm like the lake in the *sarat* season, and the ocean without the *Mandara* Mountain the churning rod for the gods and the demons. Just as the lamp of the gem gives light without the usual black dirt of the ordinary lamp, a study of this book, without the defects of delusions of other books, increases one's intelligence, giving him the correct knowledge of all things of the world. Just as the arrow which is contacted with bow will never hit the bowman, the defects of worldly life like dejection, poverty etc., will never trouble the reader of this book who quickly realises and avoids them. Just as the arrows cannot pierce through the hardest rock, the fierce family - life of the world, though present before him can never trouble the mind of one who studies this book. Questions like "Is birth first or is action first?" "Is God first or the effort of man first?" and other doubts run away from the good reader of this book just as the night and darkness run away from the day and light. With the rise of the Sun, night disappears, thus with the study of this book, the pairs of opposites disappear and discrimination dawns. One who studies this book will become deep like the ocean, courageous like the *Meru* Mountain and cool-hearted like the moon. Such man gradually goes higher and higher in the ladder of salvation and becomes a *jivanmukta*. All creations of ignorance, difference and doubts disappear. His state at that time is indescribable. Like the moonshine in the *sarat* season, the mind of the reader of this book becomes pure, cool and shows the reality of the *Paramatma*, the Supreme Self.

In the sky of his heart the Sun of discrimination with the light of serenity shines bright. Here the meteors of ill omens like lust and avidity will not rise. Fresh water quenches the thirst; the moony season makes the clouds calm; thus the *jivanmuktas* take rest peacefully in the highest and immortal state of Self with pure and peaceful glory. With the dawn of the day the devils stop their play and disappear with pale faces. Thus from the mouth of the reader of this book, the harsh words or the words of insult to others will disappear. Realising the *Atman* and resting completely on the *Atman*, men will remain firm with minds unshaken, worries of the world will never shake them just as the wind can never shake the creeper in a picture. The liberated man will never fall in the pits of sense-enjoyments; who will knowing full well running fall into the pits of hell? He will never do things as he pleases; he will always follow the holy scriptures, great tradition and directions of the wise. His mind is like the lady in the harem strictly observing etiquette. The great man of utter detachment finds every atom found in innumerable globes of worlds as a globe of worlds. To men of pure heart and the knowers of the process of attaining salvation, the pleasures of the world can never give sorrow or joy. In the atom of the atom there are innumerable globes of worlds. All these rise and fall like the waves in an ocean. The man of liberation can see them clearly. Knowing fully the deeds, their results favourable and unfavourable, the man of liberation does not desire them, nor does he reject them. He behaves as a tree inanimate, quite ignorant. He enjoys equally both good and bad without any perturbation of mind. Therefore, read this book and ponder over the ideas. This will give you direct and immediate results just as the boon or the

curse will give. This book can be easily understood. It is endowed with many ornaments. It possesses innumerable examples beautiful. This is a good poem of fine sentiments. Even a small knowledge of words and their meanings will do to understand this book by oneself. If he cannot, he may go to a scholar get it read by him and understand aright. If one hears this, meditates upon the meaning and understands it, he needs no penance, meditation etc., to attain salvation. By practising and reading this again and again, one gets great scholarship and purification of the mind. Just as the Sunrise destroys the devil of darkness, a study of this book destroys the devil of the difference of the seer and the seen, the 'I' and the 'world' without any effort whatsoever. Though the delusion 'I' and the 'world', first exists after the study of this book it soon disappears. Then it does not worry him just as an object of the dream can not worry after one wakes up from his sleep. When one realises that the mentally created town is quite unreal, it does not give him joy or sorrow. In the same way, the serpent in a picture is only a picture and not a real thing, when one knows, it does not frighten him. In the same way, this world, seen as serpent, is known as nothing but illusion, it can not give joy or sorrow. If the painted serpent in a picture is realised as only a painting, the serpent in the picture loses its serpentness. If the *samsara* is realised as false, its evils will not harm the realiser. The world dissolves itself in the *Brahman*. To pluck the flower or the sprout, even a small effort is necessary, but to acquire knowledge even that much of effort is not necessary. We have to move our limbs atleast to pluck the flower or the sprout. For self-realisation even that is unnecessary; it is enough if the mind is controlled. To acquire the highest knowledge which dispels the heat of

samsara, one must sit still in a posture convenient to him, eat what he gets, desist from performing actions against tradition and scriptures, be in company with the wise wherever possible, read this book or other books of this kind, contemplate on the greatest happiness where and how possible. Then rebirths with the consequent tortures of the mechanism of the female organs will cease. Those who fear to read so easy and great as this book which requires no troublesome effort at all and those who spend all their time in the sentiments of pleasure are the meanest persons who may be termed as 'the worms of the mother's motion'. Desist even from thinking of their name. Hear what I say. This is the vast ocean of great knowledge. This is the culmination of all knowledge ever thought of by the mind of discrimination. To hear this and to understand this, the following foreword to the beginning and the end is very useful. The seen object by comparison helps to know the object unseen. That which helps to know the unknown is called by the wise *Drishtanta*, example. Without the aid of the lamp we can not see the objects in the house during night. In the same way, without the aid of *Drishtanta* we can not understand a new thing. What I am going to tell you with the aid of examples all those are rational, full of reasons; only the SAT, is reasonless, beyond reason; it is eternal, immortal and immaculate. Except the *Parabrahma*, the Supreme Spirit, the rest of the objects of *Upamana* and *Upameya*, the compared and the comparable actions have the cause and the effect as well. In the examples given here, you must take only the comparison partially not fully. All the examples given for clarification of the *Parabrahma* are taken only from the ephemeral world, like the objects found in a dream, the world of myth. Fools say that in explaining the Self which has no shape

or form, how can the examples of the world full of forms and shapes serve the purpose? The ephemeral world's examples will not harm the immortality of the Supreme Self. If one deeply sees, the objects of the waking state and the objects of the dream state are not different, both are myths. The world is really a non-thing which has neither the past, present nor the future. The delusion of the world surrounds us from the beginning of childhood. It is a myth. The dream, the beginning of action, meditation, boon and curse, the medicine and the cure are all proof of saying that the world is dream-like, the example given. One must take into consideration only the relevant part of the comparison, not the whole. In this book, that is the method followed. That the world is like a dream can not immediately be understood by a reading of this book; it must be gradually practised. It is a process effective gradually, not all at once. This world is like the town created in dream, imagination, and meditation. Hence examples of dreams etc., are taken in this book, and not the other. Gold is the cause for all ornaments, thus SELF or *Brahman* is the cause of all the world. In this example as *Brahman* is compared to gold, one should not commit the blunder of thinking that like gold *Brahman* also undergoes changes and transformation; one should here take only that part of or that principle of comparison relevant for the purpose, not all qualities. The wise man takes only the relevant part of the comparison, without any argument. To show an object in darkness the light of the lamp will do help, not the lamp-stand, the oil, the wick etc. Therefore the example should be taken only partially. One attains self-knowledge definitely by taking into consideration by taking the meaning of the *MAHAVAKYAS* partially. Saying that it is against experience, one should never be foolish

arguments spoil the glory of the great knowledge of the Self. By deeply pondering over we realise that the experience and words of even our enemies will help us in realising the Self; that which does not benefit us in realising the Self even the word of the dearest wife will be inimical and hence should not be followed.

We have the brain with the power of realising the Self. With it, we concluded that all the scriptures have one sentence in common, which helps us realise the Self. Other *sastras* are full of bad logic. The *Mahavakyas* like '*TATTWAMASI*' will never help them but will help us only. Hence our conclusion alone is the most authoritative according to the *Vedas* and *Sastras*.

19. Right Knowledge (Pramana) reveals the Brahman

The comparison of the special feature alone will be taken into consideration in *Upama*, simile. If all the features in both *Upamana* and *Upameya*, the compared and the comparable, then there will be no difference between both. By means of examples, we will know the real nature of *Atma* and *Anatma*. By means of the *Mahavakyas*, we will know the real knowledge of the Self. By this, ignorance and its deeds perish. This is *Nirvana*, the result of the knowledge of the examples. One need not bother about the examples and similes. By hook or by crook, he must realise the meaning of the *Mahavakyas*. That is very important. Realise that PEACE alone is the highest benefactor. Try to get it by all means. Without wasting one's time, in silly questions as to who cooked it, how it was cooked etc., one will do well to eat and relish the readily available food. There is a difference between *Upamana* and *Upameya*; one is with reason and the other is without it. The scanty resemblance or similarity alone helps us.

It is very bad for man to spend his life at home in the pleasures of the flesh like the big frog in the hardest stone, completely blind. One must try to acquire the highest state proposed and established by examples with discrimination; understanding the real meaning of the scriptures with serenity and steadfastness. Till one attains tranquillity of mind and rest in Self, one must attain the first two *purusharthas*, *Dharma* and *Artha*, by means of the knowledge of the scriptures, good nature, the association of the wise. Next knowing the inner and spiritual meaning of the scriptures, by reflection and contemplation, attain the highest peace called the *turiya* the final state. After strenuous efforts to cross over the ocean of *samsara*, one takes rest in this *turiya* state. Then let him be the householder, or a *yogi* or *yati*, let him meditate what he heard or not, the fruits of actions earthly or heavenly will not affect him. He remains calm like the ocean which is not churned by the *Mandara* mountain. To find out the essence of the object taught from the qualities of comparison common to both the object compared with the object to be compared, only one quality in common must be taken for consideration. It must be practically understood; there is no use of merely getting by heart, or keeping on the tongue only whatever may be the example, one must understand the true meaning. Men who are mere teachers but impracticable can not find out the truth. One who has misconceptions about the self, the real form of experience resting in the cave of the mind of the heart, is called a *bodhachanchu* an inexperienced theoretical man. Like the cloud making the pure sky dirty, the *bodhachanchu* by his whims and fancies creates suspicious and changes in the ideas of the *Brahman* or *Atman* and spoils the understanding. Just as the ocean is the place of culmination for all waters for all

authorities the direct is the basis. I will tell you about it. Hear. Of all the direct authorities, *aparokshanubhuti*, direct experience is the best. That which includes the three *Jnatru*, *Jnana*, *Jneya* - the knower, the knowledge and the knowable - is called direct experience, say the wise. Experience, eagerness and intelligence—with these qualities the life-driving force which is the witness, is the meaning of the word *pratyaksha* or direct. This is the *Jiva* according to us. This witness, when joined with *vritti* or *upadhi* is called '*Samvid*'; when it is joined with '*Aham*' it is called '*Pramata* or *Purusha*'. When it tears off the outward coverings, taking form it is called '*Jneya*' or '*Vishaya*'. Just as water appears in the form of waves, foam etc., this life-driving force, that is appearing with innumerable delusions appears in the form of the world. This life-force though is not the root for the previous creation, it shines as if it is the real cause for the playful creation. The ignorance of the *Jiva* is born from the absence of reflection and contemplation, and is false, but it seems to be the reason as well as truth. The world appears to be real only to the dullard who has no thought at all. By deep thought one will realise that the world is false and is nothing but the Self itself. The man of reflection realises the *Atman* and becomes one with it. When the world-idea disappears the mind becomes a vacuum and rests in the *Atman*. The actions of the senses will not affect him. It is immaterial whether he does actions or not. When we stop the machine, it does not work; when we stop the mind doing no efforts and when it becomes calm, the senses of actions will not try to act. The mechanism of wood-goats is connected with a rope underneath. To make the mechanism work, the rope is to be drawn. In the same way, to make the mechanism of the mind work, the

rope of the subtle desires of the senses must be drawn. In the absence of the subtle desires of the mind, it stops and rest it takes. The power of movement lies innate in the wind. In the same way, the world, the place for physical joys, woes and worries is in the mind's subtle desires for sense-enjoyments in the form of *samskaras*, seeds of the past. For the employment of the fruits of the actions of the *jivas*, in the mind of *Iswara* subtle and pure *vasanas* enter. At once it shines as the wide quarters, time and in the form of the inner and outer objects. Then *Iswara* by the association of the many dirty *upadhis*, thinking that the bodies and the objects seen are himself attains the idea of *jiva*. The real nature of the object appears as per one's own idea. This *Iswara* who is a *sarvatma*, the soul of all, takes that shape of his own idea. *Iswara*, the seen of all is the form of all, he is the seeing himself. Thus there is no seeing in reality. The thing that is born is false. The true *Atman* is real, beyond reason. The thought of direct reality results in the *Brahman* which has no second. The authorities called *anumana* etc., are the subtle forms of the direct. Therefore *Brahman* is the essence of all, the only reality.

There is no God but the self-effort of the past. The *Upasaka*, the seeker after Truth must conquer the senses; win name and fame as a hero, keep away far far away the so called God, put forth strenuous self-effort and attain self-realisation in his pure heart.

As long as you do not realise in your heart of hearts by your self-effort the endless reality, the *Para-brahmatattwa* and enjoy eternal bliss, be following the authoritative true religion or instruction of the great teachers and savants, be reflecting and meditating upon the philosophy of Reality.

20. The Process of Pure Behaviour

The seeker after Truth must first acquire the association of the saintly, follow it implicitly understand the teachings and practise them. By sincerity and earnestness and by self-effort get the mind enlightened. By following qualities of *Mahapurusha* great souls, one will himself become a *Mahapurusha*, a great soul. If the great qualities are not found in one man, one must acquire the great qualities from a number of great men. The intellect fully grows by it. The glory of acquiring the six qualities followed by *sama*, tranquillity of mind etc., is the quality of a great man. Without correct knowledge and understanding this will not be possible. The sprouts grow up with the rainfall, flower and give good fruits in course of time. In the same way, the qualities of *sama* etc., increase with knowledge and the association of the wise saintly. They become famous by giving self-enjoyment. *Anna*, food helps to perform sacrifices; they help in giving rain. Rain increases the harvest. In the same way, by knowledge the qualities of *sama*, *dama* etc. increase; with their increase knowledge increases. The louts and the lake increase their beauty mutually. In the same way, *sama* and knowledge mutually increase each other. The association of the saintly increases knowledge and knowledge increases the association of the saintly. Following the great men and taking their lives as examples, the seeker after truth must cultivate the acquisition of knowledge and the association of the saintly. One must cultivate both at the same time; otherwise one can get neither of the two. The lady who protects the ripe harvest drives away the birds that spoil the crop by the great sounding clasp of the hands as well as a high pitched song. She does both at the same time. In the same

way, the seeker after Truth, with desirelessness and objectivity follows practically the twin qualities of acquiring knowledge and having association of the saintly, overcomes the obstructions of delusion, danger and other things and finally attains salvation. I already told you the process of pure behaviour. I will now tell you the process of acquiring knowledge completely. This book is a great *Sastra* by itself. It enhance longevity; it gives the fruits of the ends of life. This must be read or heard before a well-wisher, a knower of the *sastras* with great discrimination. Just as the mud water becomes clear by the paste of the *kataka* seed, You, and the hearers of this knowledge with rapt attention will attain the highest *Moksha* attaining the highest state, mentally and spiritually.

By this *Sadhana*, practice of knowledge, the seeker after truth enters the highest bliss, whether he desires it or not. His perfect mind will never be away from that state of the highest Bliss.



GLOSSARY

- Agasti* : The name of a celebrated Sage, who was more familiarly known as Agastya.
- Agniteertha* : A famous sanctuary of pilgrimage.
- Agnivesya* : The name of a pious brahmin.
- Ahamkara* : Egotism, considered as spiritual ignorance.
- Amaravati* : Abode of the gods, residence of Indra.
- Angiras* : Name of a celebrated Sage.
- Arghya* : A respectful offering of oblation to a god or venerable person.
- Arishtanemi* ; Name of a certain pious King.
- Artha* : Money
- Asuras* : The demons.
- Aswatari* : A mule.
- Ayodhya* : The capital of Solar Kings, born of the line of Raghu, situated on the river Sarayu.
- Aadisesha* : The thousand-hooded Serpent bearing the whole earth.
- Ananda* : Happiness.
- Aativahika* : An epithet of the sukshma sareera from its surpassing the wind in swiftness.
- Aatman* : The Soul; Self; the Brahman.
- Badaba* : A submarine fire in the form of a lady-horse.
- Badabamukha* : The facial or the front side of it.
- Bharadwaja* : Name of a celebrated saint; the disciple of Valmiki.
- Bharata* : Name of the brother of Rama and the son of Kykeyi.
- Bhaasa* : Name of one of the Ministers of Dasaratha.
- Bhrigu* : Name of a sage, the ancestor of the family of Bhrigus.
- Bhurjara* : The birch-tree.
- Bhyrava* : The gate-keeper at the entrance of Hell; in the form of a fierce dog.
- Brahma* : The creator.
- Brahman* : The Supreme Being regarded as impersonal and divested of all quality and action; a Brahmin; A knower of the Brahman.

- Brahmin* : A man of the first of the four castes.
- Brahmanda* : The egg of Brahman, the primordial egg from which the universe sprang; the world.
- Brihaspati* : Name of a celebrated Sage, the preceptor of the gods.
- Brinda* : The name of the wife of demon Jalandhara. She cursed Lord Vishnu to be born as a human being losing his Omnipotence and Omnipotence for some time.
- Baahuda* : Name of a certain river.
- Chakrateertha* : A holy place of pilgrimage on the Gandaki river.
- Chakravala* : A mythical range of mountains supposed to encircle the orb of the earth like a wall and to be the limit of light and darkness.
- Chandrabhaaga* : Name of a river in the south.
- Chandrakaanta* : The moon-stone, supposed to ooze away under the influence of the moon.
- Charmanvati* : The name of a certain river.
- Chit* : Intelligence; mind; the soul; the Brahman.
- Chitragupta* : A minister under Lord Yama who keeps a record of the good and bad deeds of the beings (jivas).
- Chyavana* : Name of a celebrated sage.
- Daksha* : Name of a celebrated patriarch.
- Dasaratha* : Name of a celebrated king of Ayodhya, son of Aja and the father of Rama.
- Devadatta* : Name of a saint whose pregnant wife died looking at the terrific form of Nrisimha, man-lion, hence he cursed Lord Vishnu to be born as a human being.
- Dharma* : Customary observances of caste, law, religious or moral merit, right, morality etc.
- Dharmaranya* : Sacred penance grove, a wood inhabited by ascetics.
- Durvasas* : Name of a celebrated sage.
- Gandhamadana* : Name of a particular mountain to the east of Meru, renowned for its fragrant forests.
- Gandharva* : A celestial musician, a class of demi-gods regarded as the singers or musicians of gods.

- Gaya* : Name of a city in Bihar, where the dead fore-fathers and the Manes are offered oblations and sacred food.
- Gowri* : Name of Parvati, the consort of Lord Siva.
- Hanumat* : Hunuman : Name of a monkey-chief, Aanjaneya, the minister of Sugriva.
- Harischandra* : Name of a king of the solar dynasty, famous for adherence to Truth.
- Hari* : Lord Vishnu.
- Himalayas* : The biggest mountain range famous for great things mythologically, spiritually and physically.
- Ikshwaku* : Name of the celebrated ancestor of the solar kings who ruled in Ayodhya.
- Indra* : The lord of gods; the ruler of Heaven.
- Indrajit* : Name of one of the Ministers of Sugriva.
- Iravati* : Name of a river in Panjab.
- Janaka* : The name of a famous king of Videha or Mithila, the foster-father of Sita. He was remarkable for his great knowledge, good works and high holiness.
- Jaya* : The name of one of the wives of Krisaswa.
- Jayanta* : Name of the son of Indra; The name of one of the Ministers of Dasaratha.
- Jiva* : The individual or personal soul enshrined in the human body and imparting to it life, motion and sensation, called Jivatma as opposed to Paramatma, the Supreme Soul.
- Jivanmukti* : Final liberation in the present state of life. The liberated man while living, a man, who being purified by a true knowledge of the Supreme Spirit, is freed from the future birth and all ceremonial rites, while yet living is called a Jivanmukta.
- Jnanakanda* : That inner or esoteric portion of the Veda which refers to true spiritual knowledge of the Supreme Spirit as distinguished from the knowledge of the ceremonial rites, opposite to Karmakanda.
- Kamandalu* : A water-pot earthen or wooden used by ascetics.
- Khadira* : Name of a tree, Acacia Catechu.
- Karma* : Action; a religious rite; fate.
- Kasturi* : The musk-deer, its paste.

- Khara* : Name of a demon, half-brother to Ravana, slain by Rama.
- Kinnara* : A mythical being with a human figure and the head of a horse. A Kimpurusha possesses a human head and the form of a horse.
- Kedara* : A particular mountain forming part of the Himalayas.
- Kesava* : An epithet of Vishnu.
- Kaama* : Desire ; Love or desire of sensual enjoyments considered as one of the purusharthas, ends of life.
- Kaalakuta* : a deadly poison; the poison churned out of the ocean and drunk by Siva.
- Kaartikeya* : Name of Skanda, the Mars or the god of war in the Indian mythology; he has six faces and twelve hands; he was son of Siva brought up by the six Krittikas, hence the name. He led the armies of the gods against the war with Taraka, a fierce demon and slew him in battle.
- Kaarunya* : Kindness. The name of the son of Agnivesya, a pious brahmin.
- Kulaachalas* : One of a class of seven mountains which are supposed to exist in each division of the continent, their names being Mahendra, Malaya, Sahya, Saktiman, Riksha, Vindhya and Pariyatra.
- Kumara* : A son; A name of Kaartikeya, Sanat Kumara.
- Kubera* : The god of riches and treasure and the regent of the Northern quarter. He is the king of Yakshas and Kinnaras. He is the half-brother of Ravana. He is the friend of Rudra. He is represented as being deformed in body, having three legs, only eight teeth and a yellow mark in place of one eye.
- Kratu* : The name of one of the ten Progenitors.
- Kritaanta* : Yama, the god of death.
- Krishnaveni* : Name of a certain river.
- Kailasa* : The name of a mountain, a peak of the Himalayas and residence of Siva and Kubera; The world of Rudra.
- Kosala* : Name of the city of Ayodhya; Name of a country.
- Kousalya* : The name of the wife of king Dasaratha and mother of Rama.
- Lakshmana* : Name of a son of Dasaratha by his wife Sumitra.

- Lakshmi* : The Goddess of fortune ; wife of Lord Vishnu.
- Lobha* : Avarice; avarice personified, one of the six enemies of man, the others being Kaama, Desire Krodha, anger; Moha, too much of love; Mada, pride; Matsarya, jealousy.
- Lokaaloka* : Name of a mythical mountain that encircles the earth and is situated beyond the sea of fresh water which surrounds the last of the seven continents; beyond Lokaloka, there is complete darkness and to this side of it there is light; It thus divides the visible world from the regions of utter darkness.
- Manthara* : Mandara : Name of a mountain used by the gods and the demons as a churning rod when they churned the ocean for nectar.
- Mahatma* : High-souled : exalted; The Supreme Spirit.
- Maheswara* : Name of Siva.
- Maanasa sarovara* : Name of a sacred lake on the mountain Kailasa. It is said to be the native place of Swans.
- Meru* : Name of a fabulous mountain round which all the planets are said to revolve and form the centre of the several dweepas, islands. It is also said to consist of gold mines and gems.
- Masha* : A Bean; A kind of bean-like grain, used as food stuff.
- Moksha* : Liberation ; Final emancipation, deliverance of the soul from recurring births or transmigration, the last of the four ends of human existence.
- Mokshabhaagi* : Possessor of emancipation.
- Mokshopaaya* : The instrument to salvation; Another name for the book Yogavasishtha.
- Mudgara* : A hammer, mallet.
- Musala* : A mace, club.
- Nahusha* : The name of a king who performed more than hundred sacrifices and became Indra but was later dethroned by his wicked deeds.
- Nimba* : A kind of tree with bitter fruits.
- Nirvaana* : Final liberation or emancipation from matter and reunion with the Supreme Spirit, eternal bliss.

- Nirvindhya** : The name of a river flowing from the Vindhya Mountain.
- Niyati** : Fortune; the result of actions good or bad performed in the previous births.
- Nivritti** : Resignation, discontinuance of worldly acts or emotions.
- Nymisha** : Naimisa : The name of a certain forest very sacred, celebrated as the residence of certain sages.
- Payoshni** : Name of a river rising in the Vindhya Mountain.
- Paramatma** : The Supreme Being.
- Parameswara** : Lord Siva
- Prayaga** : Name of a celebrated place of pilgrimage at the confluence of the rivers Ganga and Yamuna near the modern Allahabad.
- Pravritti** : Active life, taking an active part in world affairs.
- Pourusha** : Human action; exertion.
- Paadya** : Water for washing the feet.
- Paarvati** : Wife of Siva.
- Pulaha** : Name of a sage, One of the mind-born sons of Brahma.
- Pulastya** : Name of a sage, one of the mind-born sons of Brahma.
- Purushakaara** : Pourusha.
- Purushottama** : The best among men; the Supreme Being.
- Pushkara** : Name of a celebrated place of pilgrimage in the district of Ajmere.
- Prana** : The breath of life; the first of the five life-winds.
- Rajas** : The second of the three Gunas or constituent qualities of all material substances, the other two being Sattwa and tamas. Rajas is supposed to be the cause of the great activity seen in creatures; it predominates in men as sattwa and tamas predominate in gods and demons.
- Raajasa** : Relating to or influenced by the quality rajas, or passion; Endowed with that quality.
- Raama** : The eldest son of Dasaratha and Kousalya and the hero of the Ramayana.
- Raamaayana** : The adventures of Rama; the name of a celebrated Epic by Valmiki in 24000 verses.

- Raajarshi** : A royal sage, a saint-like prince, a man of the Kshatriya caste who by his pious life and austere devotion comes to be regarded as a sage or rishi.
- Raajavidya** : Philosophy first taught to the kings.
- Raghu** : Name of a celebrated King of the solar race, son of Dilipa and father of Aja. He is called Raghu-to go, because his father forecast that the boy would go to the end of the holy learning as well his enemies in battle. True to his name, he commenced the conquest of the directions, went over the whole of the known world overcame kings in battle and returned, covered with glory and ladden with spoils. He then performed the Visvajit sacrifice in which he gave away every thing to Brahmins and made his son Aja succeed to the throne.
- Risyamuka** : A mountain near the lake Pampa which formed the temporary abode of Rama with the monkey-chief Sugriva.
- Raahu** : Name of a demon, son of Viprachitti and Simhika and hence often called Simhikeya. When the nectar that was churned out of the ocean was being served to the gods, Raahu disguised himself and attempted to drink it along with them. But he was detected by the Sun and the Moon, who informed Vishnu of the fraud. Vishnu thereupon severed his head from the body; but as he had tasted a little quantity of the nectar, the head became immortal and is supposed to wreak vengeance on the Sun and the Moon at the time of conjunction and opposition.
- Raavana** : Name of a celebrated demon, king of Lanka and the chief of the Rakshasas. He had ten heads, twenty arms and four legs. He was killed in battle by Rama. He was the anti-hero of the Ramayana.
- Rudras** : Name of a group of gods, eleven in number, supposed to be inferior manifestations of Siva or Sankara, who is said to be the head of the group.
- Sama** : Tranquillity; quietism.
- Samsaara** : The course of worldly life; the world; the family.
- Samsarasagara** : The unending vast ocean-like worldly life.
- Sanatkumara** : Name of one of the four sons of Brahma, who refused worldly life and became great ascetics.

- Saraswati* : Name of the goddess of speech and learning and represented as the wife of Brahma; Name of a river which is lost in the sands, near Ganga and Yamuna.
- Sarayu* : Name of a river on which stands Ayodhya.
- Sarat* ; The autumn, the Spring Season.
- Satadru* : Name of a river in Panjab called Sutlej.
- Satrughna* : Last brother of Rama; son of Sumitra, twin-brother to Lakshmana.
- Siddhas* : Semi-divine beings supposed to be of great purity and holiness and said to be particularly characterised by eight supernatural faculties called siddhis.
- Siva* : Name of the third God of the Hindu Trinity, who is entrusted with the work of destruction as Brahma and Vishnu are with the creation and preservation of the world.
- Saalagrama* : A kind of sacred stone said to be typical of Vishnu.
- Sita* : The daughter of Janaka, king of Mithila and wife of Rama. The heroine of the Ramayana.
- Satta* : Being; excellence; the highest generality.
- Suka* : Name of the son of Vyasa; Very famous as Sukabrahma.
- Sukra* : Name of the preceptor of the Asuras. He used to restore asuras killed in battle by his magical charm called Mritasanjivani.
- Sumeru* ; The sacred Mountain Meru.
- Sumitra* : Name of one of the wives of Dasaratha and mother of Lakshmana and Satrughna.
- Suruchi* : The name of a heavenly nymph; good taste.
- Sula* : Lance; the trident of Siva.
- Srisaila* : A sacred mountain; the place of pilgrimage by its side.
- Trishna* : Avidity.
- Tumbaka* : Tumba, a kind of gourd.
- Tumbura* : The name of a Gandharva, a great musician and friend of Narada.

- Uddalaka* : Name of a saint.
- Useera* : A sort of grass.
- Uttaramanasa* : A place of pilgrimage north of the sacred Manasa lake.
- Vajra* : A diamond; the weapon of Indra.
- Vasishtha* : Name of a celebrated sage, the family-priest of the solar race of kings. He was the typical representative of the brahmanic power and dignity. He was the preceptor of Rama and the expositor of the Yogavasishtha.
- Vata* : The fig-tree.
- Veena* : The Indian lute.
- Veni* : The name of a river.
- Venu* : A bamboo; a flute.
- Vaalmiki* : Name of a celebrated sage, author of the Ramayana and the Yogavasishtha Ramayana.
- Vamadeva* : Name of another celebrated sage.
- Vaaranaasi* : The holy city of Benares.
- Vaasana* : Knowledge derived from memory particularly the impression unconsciously left on the mind by past good or bad actions which therefore produces pleasure or pain.
- Veda* : Knowledge; the sacred knowledge; the Scripture of the Hindus. Originally the Vedas are said to be many. Sage Vyasa condensed them into three - the Rigveda, Yajurveda and the Samaveda which are collectively called the trayi. Atharva Veda was subsequently added to them.
- Videha* : The name of a country, the ancient Mithila, The name of Janaka. Videhamukti is salvation after the fall of the body, Sadehamukti is salvation while one is with the body.
- Vindhya* : The name of a range of mountains.
- Vidyadharas* : A class of demi-gods or semi-divine beings.
- Vijaya* : Name of a lore taught by Viswamitra to Rama.
- Vipaasa* : Name of one of the rivers in Panjab, called Beas.
- Viswamitra* : Name of a celebrated sage, the companion and counsellor of young Rama, to whom he gave several miraculous missiles.

Vishnu : The second deity of the sacred Triad, entrusted with the preservation of the world, which duty he is represented to have duly discharged by his various incarnations, for which the curses of others were mere pretexts.

Vitasta : Name of a river in Panjab now called Jheelam.

Vyaasa : Name of a celebrated sage, son of Parasara and Satyawati before her marriage. He was the arranger of the Vedas in the present form. He was the author of the Maha Bharata and the eighteen Puranas, the Brahma Sutras and several other works. He is one of the seven Chiranjivis, deathless persons.

Yama : The god of death : death personified.

Yamuna : Name of a celebrated river regarded as a sister of Yama. She is associated with the playful planks of Lord Krishna with the Gopikas.

Yashteeka : A gate-keeper of Dasaratha's court armed with a club; the name of the gate-keeper.

Yoga : Contemplation of the Supreme Spirit.

Yoga Vasishtha : Contemplation of the Supreme Spirit as per the instructions enunciated by sage Vasishtha.



ALLUSIONS

Pages 5 and 6 : The curses to Vishnu by Sanatkumara, Bhrigu Brinda and Devadatta.

Once upon a time, Sanatkumara, one of the greatest controllers of the mind and the senses, the all-renowned for his celibacy and knowledge happened to be in the court of Brahma. While he was in his seat, Lord Vishnu came there from his world for a visit. Brahma and others stood up and received him with all respect. They worshipped him with devotion and took their seats with his permission. But Sanatkumara

seeing Vishnu as his own Self sat quiet in his seat. Vishnu, finding him as the only exception who never cared to show his respect even at least by standing took it as a pretext to curse him and be cursed by him for the benefit of the world. There was a dire need for a great commander-in-chief for the armies of the gods to defeat and rout the armies and Taraka, an invincible demon. Therefore, Vishnu cursed Sanatkumara to be born as Kumara and become love-lorn as he was proud of his lovelessness. He was in turn cursed by Sanatkumara to be born on earth as a man and live ignorant of his great omniscience for some time. Consequently Lord Vishnu was born as Rama and Sanatkumara as Kumara in the reeds. Rama killed Ravana. Kumara killed Taraka. As per the curse Kumara became love-lorn. Hence he began to hunt after the young heavenly ladies and was molesting them. They requested Parvati to save them from the rape of Kumara. Parvati took pity upon them. To teach her son a lesson, she took the form of the Heavenly ladies and appeared to Kumara as Parvati, his mother. Looking at the forms of his mother, he felt ashamed and gave up the idea of raping them. From that day onwards, he looked at all ladies as his revered mothers. This story is found in the Brahma Purana and Siva Purana.

Bhrigu's curse to Vishnu.

In the great war between the gods and the demons, Lord Vishnu came on the side of the gods and was routing the armies of the demons. The demons for fear of being annihilated by Vishnu came and hid themselves behind the wife of Bhrigu, who kindly protected them. She previously won a boon from Vishnu that she would join Vishnu after her death. For the fruition of her boon and as per the need of the hour, he cut off her head and her spirit joined the Lord with great effulgence. Sage Bhrigu returning home found the head of his wife severed from the body. Knowing that it was an act of Lord Vishnu he cursed him to suffer separation from his dear wife for some time as an atonement for his cutting away the head of his wife. This story is found in the Siva Purana.

Brinda's curse to Lord Vishnu.

Once there lived Jalandhara who became the most dreadful and invincible demon. He married the beautiful daughter

of Kaalanemi named Brinda. On account of her chastity, Jalandhara became more powerful and more invincible. Instigated by Narada, he wanted to take by force Parvati, wife of Lord Siva as his wife. Having failed in his attempts to win her Jalandhara took the form of Siva and went to his lady to beguile her. But, scenting the attempt, Parvati ran up to Lord Vishnu to save her. She told Vishnu that his invincibility was the result of his wife's chastity. She therefore requested Vishnu to spoil her chastity as then only Lord Siva would kill him. Fierce battle was going on between Jalandhara and Siva. Both were invincible; the war was going on indefinitely. Assuring Parvati of his timely intervention and protection, he went and sat under a tree in the guise of an ascetic, an old saint. The previous night Brinda had bad dreams foretelling her husband's death. With a worried mind she went hither and thither to find out some solace. She saw the false saint and mistook him as a real saint. She asked him whether her husband would conquer Siva in battle. He told her that her husband just then died in the hands of Lord Siva but he could make him come back to life. She requested him do so. He went to a nearby lake, took bath in it and came in the guise of Jalandhara. Brinda with all love and happiness embraced him. Under the happy shades of the beautiful forest trees, he spoiled her chastity. Later, she realised that she was beguiled by Lord Vishnu. In the meanwhile Siva killed Jalandhara in the battle as he lost his power by the unchasteful act of his wife. Brinda cursed Lord Vishnu to be born as man on earth and live separated from his wife for some time. She then left her body in the burning fire. This story is found in Sive Purana.

Devadatta's curse to Lord Vishnu

Lord Vishnu took the form of Nrisimha (Man-lion) to kill Hiranyakasipu and protect Prahlada his dear devotee. After successfully killing him, he went near the great river Payoshni, where the pregnant wife of Devadatta looking at the fiercest form of Hari breathed her last due to sudden and great dread. Devadatta seeing the dead body cursed Vishnu whose fierce appearance killed his wife, to be born as a human being and suffer the agony of separation from his dear wife for some time.

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